OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No 40.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

DOWTON, "the Nestor of the stage," is drawing good houses at the Park, where there is great note of preparation for ELLEN TREE, who is daily expected. POWER, the most attractive star in the country, has left for the Chesnut-street theatre, Philadelphia.

Miss GROVES and EMMA WHEATLEY, are exciting considerable interest among the play-goers at the Park, from the fact that their talents are of about the same calibre, while both are young, beautiful, amiable and accomplished. We are gratified to know that Miss Wheatley is pursuing her studies under the direction of one of the most elegant scholars and popular writers in the country, and have no kind of doubt the advancement of his intelligent pupil will amply repay him for the interest he has so generously evinced in her behalf.

HACKETT is playing his first engagement at the National, where he alternately appears in his French and Yankee characters, with an occasional sprinkling of Shakspeare.

COWELL, the comedian, and OXLEY, "the star of the West" in tragedy, are in town; Miss CUSHMAN ditto. CELESTE has left for Philadelphia and Baltimore, from whence Miss CLIFTON has returned flushed with "booty and beauty." She will bring out her prize tragedy at the Tremont, Boston, next month, Mr. BARRY, the enterprizing manager, having offered her the most liberal inducements.

JONES, the vocalist, takes a benefit at an early day at the Park, for which occasion he has secured the valuable services of Mrs. GIBBS, (late Miss Graddon).—We feel confident he will have a crowded house, for aside from his own popularity, the desire to hear Miss Graddon in opera is universal.

In the "Maid of Cashmere," now getting up at the Park for Mademoiselle AUGUSTA, a very charming young lady of this city, is to make her first appearance on any stage—of great musical promise. Who do you think she is?—"Guess!"

Miss McLEAN, who made so favorable an impression at Old Drury, two years since, has fairly taken the good people of Petersburgh by storm. They are in ecstasies with her. The veteran COOPER and his daughter, with Mrs. HAMBLIN, are engaged in the same city.

EDWIN, the vocalist, from the Haymarket, London, has arrived in town from "mighty London" as Yankee Hill writes it, and makes his debut at Kyle's Concert.

A Philadelphia paper reports that "CELESTE's star is on the wane." The receipts of her houses are pretty good evidence in the case, and we beg to assure our contemporary, that for the last twenty-eight nights she has received for her services alone, at the National theatre in this city, the snug little sum of Twelve Thousand Dollars!

DINNEFORD is driving ahead the new Bowery, while he keeps the pot boiling at the Franklin. There is an *on dit*, that JOHN SEFTON is about to open a theatre on his own account, after Mathews' plan of the Adelphi, London. He has friends enough to support him in any experiment of the kind.

COOKE's Equestrian Arena, at Vauxhall Garden, will open on Monday week probably. A small army of carpenters, painters, and masons are at work there night and day. The prices will be one dollar to the boxes, pit 50 cents, so that the audience will be select. The stud of horses is first rate, and the equestrian performers are said to be "express and admirable."

The festival and complimentary benefit given to Mr. HAMBLIN, at the National theatre, on Tuesday last, was not a very brilliant affair. Between six and seven hundred persons only were in attendance. However, as the tickets were three dollars each, the receipts were nearly $2000, *if they were paid for!*

HENRY JOHNSTON, from Drury Lane, the original "Ragantino," and "Count Romaldi," is playing in Baltimore. He was Wallack's tutor for several years.

CALDWELL opened the St. Charles theatre, New Orleans, on the 7th Nov.

HORN gave a soiree musicale at Carusi's Room, Washington, on Thursday last.

The KEELEYS are at the Tremont, Boston, and GATES at the Lion. A foruth theatre is talked of in the modern Athens.

RICE and HERBERT, the managers of the Bangor theatre, have "come to their milk," and settled their "trifling differences." A Miss F. Woodley is their great card. The way she can "sling a foot" in a hornpipe, is not slow, the Bangoreans say.

Mrs. LEWIS and Mrs. SHAW are at Nashville. The Eagle Amphitheatre is also there, containing one hundred men and horses, to say nothing of the women and children.

Mr. CHARLES E. HORN intends producing two new operas at the American theatre, (Russell's) New Orleans, this winter, assisted by Miss Horton, Mrs. Knight, Miss Russell, Mr. Keyser, and others.

WEMYSS has opened his new theatre in the Northern Liberties, Philadelphia. He styles it the "Pennsylvania Theatre.'" It is described as a neat little bandbox of a place, about the size of the Franklin in this city.

LUDLOW and SMITH, the managers, offer a prize of $100 for an Address of not less than 60 or over 100 lines, to be spoken at the opening of their new Theatre, at St. Louis, Missouri. Competitors to send to the editor of the St. Louis Bulletin before April 15th ensuing.

PELBY has produced a new tragedy, at the National theatre, Boston, called "Benardo del Carpio," written by one of the editorial fraternity. Determined that people should see it, whether they attended the theatre or no, we hear the author has printed it in his paper. He *had them*, that time.

The HIELDS are starring at Bangor, the crack city of Maine.

CIOFFI and GAMBATI sailed for New Orleans last week. The first is engaged by Caldwell, the latter by Russell. Some other recruits accompanied them.

RUSSELL's loss by the burning of the theatre at Cincinnati, was about $5000. The members of the company were most of them sufferers. The remains of poor Martin, who lost his life in the conflagration have been discovered, and buried with appropriate obsequies. His watch and some gold and silver coins were found with the bones. The citizens of Cincinnati have subscribed nearly $20,000 to build Russell a new theatre.

BATESVILLE (Ark.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

BATESVILLE, *Arkansas*, October 14, 1836.

DEAR P.—Below is an account of the first races over the Batesville Course:—Weights: 2 yr. olds, a feather; 3, 80—4, 94—5, 106—6, 112—aged, 120 lbs.—3 lbs. off to mares and gelding.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 12, 1836.—Sweepstakes for 2 year old colts and fillies. Mile heats. Sub. $200, h. ft.

Geo. Caldwell's br. f. *Ella Wickham*, by Volcano	1	1
John Loring's s. f. *Kate Longworth*, by Volcano	3	2
Joseph Egner's s. f. *Eliza Bedford*, by Stratton	2	dis.
Daniel Chapman's s. f. *Octavia Walton*, by Volcano	dis.	
Wm. L. McGuire's b. f. *Anna Calhoun*, by Volcano	pd.	ft.
William Hynson's s. f. *Eloise Pettitt*, by Volcano	pd.	ft.
Thos. Darlin's s. f. *Eliza Crozier*, by Volcano	pd.	ft.

Time not kept.

THURSDAY.—Purse $175, ent., $20, added to purse. Mile heats.

Wm. Hynson's b. g. *Capt. Boone*, by Mormon, 4 yrs.	1	1
John Loring's b. h. *Eclipse*, by Eclipse, aged	2	dis.
Col. Darby Crawford's s. f. *Lawrence Belle*, by Stump-the Dealer, 3 y	3	dr.

Time, 1:51—1:59.

FRIDAY.—Purse, $230, ent. $30, added to the Purse. Two mile heats.

John Loring's b. h. *William*, by Sir William, aged	1	1
Thos. Tunstall's c. c. *Independence*, by Tom Fletcher, 3 yrs.	2	dr.

Time, 3:55.

These being the first races over our course, much anxiety was felt that every thing should go off smoothly. The most sanguine have not been disappointed—every fellow is seemingly satisfied, though he be minus a V or an X. The interest in the colt race was destroyed by Egner's filly being sick; had she been well there would have been heavy betting between her and Caldwell's filly. The first heat was a beautiful contest between them, Caldwell's filly beating Egner's only three feet. Caldwell packed only 67 lbs., while Egner carried 97 lbs., Chapman 77 lbs., and Loring 82 lbs.

Thursday's race was won easily by Captain Boone. Brisk betting, Eclipse against the field;—the weight killed him. Friday's race bit the knowing ones.—Independence was thought to be a screamer, and with 80 lbs. on his back to be able to run off from any thing packing 120 lbs. William was too much for him, and led on every inch of the track. Time of the heat, 3.55, not to be sneezed at anywhere. In consequence of an accident, the first day's race was not timed accurately: 1:59—2:09 are very near it. Our course was in splendid condition and is decidedly the best one for time I have ever seen.

THOS. TUNSTALL and C. F. M. NOLAND have made two matches, one of them mile heats, 77 lbs. on each, $150 on each heat, to come off on the 6th May, 1837.

Tunstall names s. f. *Octavia Walton*, by Volcano.
Noland names s. f. *Eliza Bedford*, by Stratton.

The other is a single dash of a mile—same weights as above—$200 a-side, to come off on the 17th May, 1837.

Tunstall names br. f. *Ella Wickham*, by Volcano.
Noland names s. f. *Eliza Bedford*, by Stratton.

Truly yours, N.

TWO DAYS LATER.

DEAR P.—To-day (October 16) was the *wind up*. A match came off at 12 o'clock between Loring's *William*, (the winner yesterday), and Tunstall's *Aratus*—a single dash of a mile; won by the former easily. Old Aratus is as ambitious as any modern Democrat: he ran a mile and a quarter before his rider could take him up.

We have had lots of quarter races. To one unaccustomed to such scenes, the *cavorting* and bragging at the shank of the evening is most amusing. I asked one fellow how he came out? His reply was—"I milk Dick's cow to-morrow!" He had won the cow. They *kept it up* all night at the Course: at every stump there was a light and a couple of fellows going it, with an *old greasy deck*.—"That sets me 4 times." "A pair of aces." "Bring us a half-pint, and d—n the expense." Only one chunk of a fight—all was peace, though not quite as still and calm as a summer's eve.

If we had good mares, the way we could raise fast uns would be sinful. Tunstall's *Volcano* (by Stockholder, dam Forest Maid, by Rostray) is a fine stock horse. His race at New Orleans was a stinger. He there won the 3d heat of 3 miles in 5:48. This climate I think is equal to any in the world for horses, and I have no doubt at some future period Arkansas will be styled the "race horse region."

I congratulate the owners of *Glencoe* on his safe arrival. If his colts don't win I am deceived. How does G. A. P. do? I anticipate a rich treat when I meet with him this winter. It is a matter of much astonishment to me, that *sensible men* will name their colts after horses that have recently passed from or are on the turf. For instance, I find the names of "*Medoc*," and "*Sir Charles*," given to two colts at Lexington.

I was surprised that Captain Stockton's *Cumberland* was beaten at Trenton; I had expected great things from him. *Mingo* did the clean thing. I shall never be satisfied until he and *Post Boy* come together: if they do, and both are right, consider me as betting you a "leather hunting shirt and moccasins," against any "nic nacks and pie doings" your city affords.

I regret to learn the burning of the Bowery theatre. FORREST must "take" abroad; he is certainly among the first tragedians living. BOOTH is my favorite; his Lear, Othello, and Hamlet, are beyond any thing I have ever witnessed.

I would like to see the pretty Miss CUSHMAN, for Maj. Noah discourses so eloquently about her beauty, that I am half in love with her. N.

EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

AUGUSTA, GA., 4th Nov., 1836.

DEAR SIR,—The match between *Miss Medley* and *Hickory John*, seems to excite as much interest as the great match of *Bascomb* and *Argyle*. The friends of each appear sanguine, and many banters are offered. Miss Medley lately won a four mile race at Columbus, and her health and condition are excellent. HAMMOND says he can beat her—that Hickory is up to Bascomb. Our races in Dec. promise excellent sport; more and better horses are in training than I have ever known, though I regret that Col. HAMPTON's stable, from South Carolina, will not be in condition to attend our first meeting, having taken up his stock too late to prepare them. Col. Hampton has lately received by the ship China some fine stock from England, to wit: [This list has been published before in the Spirit of the Times]—a splendid bull and cow of the short horned Durham, and six sheep of the pure Leicester breed; Col. SINGLETON has also received by the same ship, [we want the blood stock] five couple of fox hounds, full bred setters, and a couple of beautiful white English terriers. Thus you see that the spirit and enterprise of our Southern gentlemen is not behind the "spirit of the times" in purchasing none but the best and most racing stock.

Augusta is becoming the great centre of attraction, to which the "greatest and best" meet for the mastery; the track is inferior to none in the Union, and is said by many to be more tastefully and conveniently arranged than any other.—It is enclosed with 10 feet inch boards all around, set upright, with an excellent inside track for training. The main track is level and handsomely turfed, and is so graduated that floods of rain will not lie for six hours on the main turf: the inside track was soft and deep, but the proprietors have spread on it upwards of 1000 loads of sand, &c. The buildings are large and capable of containing four thousand spectators: the stables are well arranged and very fine, about fifty in number. I hear that one fourth part of the *Lafayette Course* is for sale, and no doubt a great bargain may be had: it made last year upwards of $8000 clear.—The reason for offering it, I understand is, that the owner intends going to the West this winter. For a man of the proper caste, it is a capital chance for an investment. We should be pleased to see you at one of our meetings, to partake of our Southern cheer and crack a dozen of champagne with us.

Very respectfully, yours, H.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM THE SOUTH.

VIRGINIA, Nov. 14th, 1836.

MR. EDITOR,—In a sporting paper like yours, the obituaries of renowned Stallions deserve a place, as well as notices of their importation, and the achievements of their get.

Tychicus, the beautiful, the speedy, the stout, the Arabian-like and Arabian bred Virginia race-horse and stallion is no more. His loss, not a trifle to his owner, may be more deeply felt by breeders hereafter than at present. His progeny are not yet brought upon the Turf. His death is ascribable to one of two causes—either from being pricked in shoeing, by an awkwark blacksmith, or from exposure to a most violent rain storm, on the deck of a steamboat, at night; both may have combined to produce the fatal result. As a cross for the Sir Archy, Eclipse, and Tonson stock, and having been more nearly allied to a genuine Arabian than any race-horse of celebrity in the country, breeders may have cause to lament the loss. His brilliant achievements at the National, Central, Tree Hill, and Fairfield Courses will be long remembered by every true turfite who witnessed them. His two mile victories, beating such speedy nags as Annette, Celeste, Lara, &c., established his reputation for speed, well known to his trainer, who had witnessed his trials at 3 years old with the famed Busiris; his winning the Jockey Club Purse, in four heats, on the National Course, soon after his renowned Fairfield race of four heats gave him as much renown for bottom. Peace to his manes.

The brilliant *Star* of Virginia, it is said, has set also. His two mile race at Newmarket in 3:46, and his severe contests with those renowned competitors. Polly Hopkins and Kate Kearney, ultimately beating both of them, in races of four mile heats, run within a fortnight at Newmarket and Tree Hill, gave him as much renown upon the Turf as any horse of his year. His progeny, Enciero, and others, have already inscribed his name in the stud. To his owner his loss is very great. His death was occasioned by a fall. Like his sire's, (Virginian, and his other renowned sons, Mercury, Lafayette, and Restless,) it has been premature.

While the loss of such horses is to be deplored, others of great renown, from the other side of the water, are constantly arriving among us. I have seen no notice in any sporting paper, of the arrival of the renowned *Cetus*, one of the highest bred and best sons of Whalebone, bought of the famed turfite Sir MARK WOOD, for the Messrs. CORBINS, of Virginia, at *a higher figure* than *any* English horse that has *ever* been imported into America. It will be recollected, Sir Mark Wood owned and ran *Camarine*, the best race mare of her day, that in two heats beat *Roxton*, having run one dead heat with him. From her and Cetus Sir Mark hopes to raise a colt worthy of its origin. He has entered several of the get of Cetus for the next Derby.

This year it seems the *Sir Charles's* are running ahead of all competitors. Their success confirms the high opinion entertained by the best judges in Virginia of Sir Charles as a race-horse—that he was able to beat either Henry or Eclipse. When he encountered the latter, he was unable to run a four mile heat with a saddle horse. What three year olds but Sir Charles have run such 4 mile heats as *Trifle* and *Fanny Wyatt*? The latter is another illustration of the result of the union of Sir Archy and Sir Hal blood, and the results of judicious crossing—all the crosses being of *remote* blood. The Bedford and Medley blood, as combined in her, gives speed and bottom.

Fanny Wyatt was got by Sir Charles, (son of Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, &c.) her dam by Sir Hal (son of Imp. Sir Harry, dam by Imp. Saltram—Imp. Medley)—grandam by Imp. Bedford—great grandam the famed Agnes, or Thrift mare, by Bel Air (best son of Imp. Medley)—her dam the grandam of Contention, by Wildair, (best son of Imp. Fearnought)—Dandridge's Fearnought—Godolphin—Imp. Hob or Nob—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Valiant—Imp. Try-all.

The own brother to Imp. *St. Giles* was 2d in the St. Leger, and winner of the Gascoigne Stakes at Doncaster.

Bee's-wing, 3d in the St. Leger, is out of the dam of Imp. *Emancipation*. She has also been a distinguished winner.

Tyrant, by *Luzborough*, has lately run with great success in England.

The get of Imp. *Cetus*, Imp. *Shakspeare*, &c., are entered in the next Derby.

The last Derby and Leger winners shew that we have some near connexions in this country to the best three year olds now in England.

Bay Middleton, winner of the Derby, was by Sultan, (the sire of Imp. *Glencoe*,) dam by Phantom—grandam by Soothsayer, out of Glencoe's grandam.

Elis, by *Langar*, (descended from Imp. Diomed and Imp. Buzzard.) out of Olympia, by Sir Oliver—Scotilla—Scota by Eclipse, &c.

Imp. Autocrat's dam was Olivetta, by Sir Oliver—Scotina—Scota, by Eclipse, etc. INDEX.

Miscellanies.

PETTYCOAT PARLIAMENT.

A CENTURY HENCE.

Her Majesty went in state to close the Session, attended by all the great Officers of State. Two troops of the Royal Amazonian Hussars, on their new side saddles, escorted the procession.

The interior of the House of Ladies presented a most animated appearance, from the number of gentlemen gorgeously appareled, who were permitted to occupy the front benches. In the absence of the Lady High Stewardess, who lay in on Friday of a daughter and heiress, the Countess of Glengall performed the duties of that situation.

The Commons having been summoned with the usual formalities, Mrs. Speaker and about 120 members, wearing feathers and lappels, appeared at the bar. Her Majesty gave the Royal assent to several Bills, and having put on her spectacles and called for candles, proceeded to deliver herself of the following speech:—

"*My Ladies, Dames, and Gentlewomen*—

"I continue to receive friendly professions from the tea-tables of foreign potentates, and have reason to hope that—tattle apart—the peace of Europeans is in no great danger of being disturbed for some time.

"The breach between the Queen of Spain and her grandmamma, about the right of embroidering the Pope's petticoat, remains still as wide as ever, notwithstanding my zealous and energetic efforts to fine-draw it. I trust, however, that they will yet grow tired of pulling caps about such a trifle, and allow the nations to be at peace.

"I have received assurances from my Ambassadress at the Porte that the Ladies of the Harem are advancing with rapid strides to the mastery. They were the first to set the example of trousers to the rest of Europe, and will not be the last to wear the breeches. The fair sex in Egypt are prepared to give their countenance to the same garb of independence on the earliest colorable opportunity.

"*Dames and Gentlewomen of the House of Commons*—

"I highly approve of the measure you have taken for admitting gentlemen to listen to your debates. It will improve—if anything can—the manners of that unfortunate and degraded race; and operate, I trust, as a salutary check upon your own. You will, I am satisfied, take care, for your own sake, that the nasty creatures shall not smoke tobacco in your galleries, nor offend public decency by exhibiting whiskers and such like manly abominations.

"Your attention to the expenses of my nursery demands my warmest acknowledgments. I will observe the strictest economy in the disposal of the funds which you have placed so handsomely in my power.

"The establishment of an international treaty with France for the regular and systematic interchange of fashions is an event of importance on which I offer you my sincere congratulations. The milliners of London have already derived great advantage from it.

"*My Ladies and Gentlewomen*—

"The improved cleanliness and sobriety of your Irish sisters is a subject of legitimate satisfaction. I doubt not that a liberal and equal distribution of soap will tend to confirm their taste for such habits and render the blessing permanent.

"You will retire to your respective watering-places, and exert yourselves to keep up your own character and the fame of the country, by a becoming career of gaiety and hospitality. Such of you as shall visit foreign parts during the recess will carefully note the modes and habits which will come under your inspection; and all will, I am sure, bring up your children with a proper regard to those great interests in Court and Church which make nations happy, and exalt the character of a great people."

Her Majesty dwelt with marked and peculiar emphasis on the word "soap," in the paragraph in which allusion is made to Ireland; and having curtsied to the Ladies and dipped slightly to the Commons, returned to her carriage, and was loudly greeted by the people out of doors. London Morning Herald.

THE PENNY-A-LINER.

The penny-a-liner, like Pope, is "known by his style. His fine Roman hand once seen may be sworn to by the most cursory observer. But though in this one respect of identity resembling Pope, he bears not in any other the least likeness to author dead or living. He has no brother, and is like no brother, in literature. Such as he was, he is. He disdains to accommodate his manner to the ever-altering taste of the times. He refuses to bow down to the popular idol, innovation. He has a style, and he sticks to it. He scorns to depart from it, to gratify the thirst for novelty. He even thinks that it improves with use, and that his pet phrases acquire a finer point and additional emphasis upon every fresh application.—Thus, in relating the last fashionable occurrence, how a noble family has been plunged into consternation and sorrow by the elopement of Lady Prudentia a month after marriage, he informs you, as though the phrase itself carried conviction to the heart, that the "feelings of the injured husband may be more easily conceived than described." If he requires that phrase twice in the same narrative, he consents to vary it by saying that "they may be imagined but cannot be depicted." In reporting an incident illustrative of the fatal effects of taking prussic acid, he states that the "vital spark is extinct," and that not the smallest hopes are entertained of the unfortunate gentleman's recovery. A lady's bag is barbarously stolen from her arm by "a monster in the human form." A thunder-storm is described as having "visited" the metropolis, and the memory of the oldest inhabitant furnishes no parallel to the ravages of the "electric fluid." A new actress "surpasses the most sanguine expectations" of the public, and exhibits talents "that have seldom been equalled, never excelled."

A new book is not simply published, it "emanates from the press."—On the demise of a person of eminence, it is confidently averred that he had a hand "open as day to melting charity," and that to "take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again." Two objects not immediately connected are sure to be "far as poles asunder," although they are very easily brought together and reconciled in the reader's mind by the convenience of the phrase "as it were," which is an especial favorite, and constantly in request. He is a great admirer of amplitude of title, for palpable reasons, as when he reports that, "Yesterday the Right Hon. Lord J. Russell, M.P., his Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department, replied with," &c. He is wonderfully expert in the measurement of hail stones, and in the calculation of the number of panes of glass which they demolish in their descent. He is acquainted with the exact circumference of every gooseberry that emulates the plenitude of a pumpkin; and can at all times detect a phenomenon in every private family, by simply reconing up the united ages of its various members. But in the discharge of these useful duties for the edification and amusement of the public, he employs, in the general course of things, but one set of phrases. If a fire can be rendered more picturesque by designating it the "devouring element," the devouring element rages in the description to the end of the chapter. Once a hit always a hit; a good thing remains good for ever; a happy epithet is felicitous to the last. The only variation of style that he can be prevailed upon to attempt, he introduces in his quotations. To these he oftener gives an entirely new aspect, and occasionally by accident, he improves upon the originals. Of this, the following may stand as a fair specimen:—

"'Tis not in mortals to *deserve* success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll *command* it."

CELIBACY, OR DYING FOR HUSBANDS.

The Exeter (England) Herald suggests for the adoption of the ladies in that county, the subjoined petition to parliament:—

"The humble petition of certain single ladies in the county of Essex, who are dying to obtain husbands, showeth—

"That your petitioners have lately seen with deep regret the lamentable extent to which celibacy prevails amongst the young men of Great Britain, from which it is evident that that dangerous principle of Popery is making vast progress in the land—a principle fraught with danger to church clerks, as it reduces the amount of marriage fees, and at the same time deprives your petitioners of the dignity of matrons, and all the comforts of double blessedness.

"That your petitioners are convinced old bachelorism sours the temper, promotes avarice, lengthens the face, sharpens the nose, and prevents longevity; and though it thus swells the amount of probate duty, the early death of the bachelor does not benefit the state so much as a large family of children wearing taxed articles of clothing, and eating food which has contributed in the shape of duty to his Majesty's exchequer.

"That in consequence of the prevalence of the above monkish principle, several of your petitioners have already reached the age of 35 years without receiving an offer of marriage, although they are told they are by no means behind their country women in those qualities which would render comfortable the household hearth; and in order, therefore, to bring the unmarried male portion of society back to their sober senses, and prevent enormous expenses to counties for coroners' charges, your petitioners pray that your honorable house will be pleased to pass a bill enacting that every man found unmarried after the age of 26, without showing reasonable cause to a jury of single ladies, shall be immediately banished to 'No Man's Land,' and branded on the forehead with the letter 'B.'

"And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c."

RAPID PROSPERITY.—The following circumstances took place last week in the neighborhood of Limpstone. A farmer whose wife was on the point of confinement, requested the nurse on his retiring to bed, that she would let him have the earliest intelligence of any increase of family. The old woman, taking him to mean in a general sense, sent his hind to him, and, on being asked what he wanted, said, "Measter, the meare has just foulded wi' two vine colts;" in an hour after, the stable boy awoke him to communicate that "the old sow had just farrowed wi' noin little wons," and at the same time asked if he should not remove the pointer bitch Fan, who had just got a litter of fine pups, from the rest of the dogs in the kennel. The disturbance caused by all these interruptions, and his anxiety respecting his wife, induced the farmer to get up rather earlier than usual, and on the stairs he met the nurse, who exclaimed, "Well, master, Betty has got a fine calf." Forgetting for a moment that he had a fine cow named after his wife, he exclaimed, "Got what?" "Why, a fine calf." "What? my wife got a fine calf!" "Law bless the man, I mean your cow; for I sent you word an hour ago mistress had got twins,—a fine boy and girl." Overpowered with his feelings at such an increase in his family, he went into the parlor, and on going to set down in his arm chair, he discovered the cat had kittened in it with seven kittens, so that in all he had twenty-six mouths more to feed on the farm than when he retired to rest. Boston (Lincolnshire, England) Gazette.

JOHN BULL IN THE LOUVRE.

We have just been to view the Louvre. The day was very hot, and in coming out we saw a fat old gentleman puffing away on one of the seats in the lower end of the picture gallery. "Won't you come up and look at the paintings?" asked a young man, evidently the son of the other. "No, no," replied our fat friend; "thank you: *I can see 'em very well from where I am.*" Satisfied at a glance that our friend was a character, we immediately took a seat by his side, and were not long before we had entered into conversation with him, and were engaged in an animated discussion "Oh, Lord, Sir, don't talk to me about French ways and doings," said my new acquaintance; "I hate the French and every thing about 'em. Such inns!" "Where are you staying?" "Why, at Maurice's, to be sure; the best in the lot, I believe, and that's bad enough. Can't eat a morsel of their messes, I assure you; almost starved to death; should be quite if it wasn't for their beefsteak *a l'Anglaise*, as they call it, which is no more like *Anglaise*, after all, than I am. And, then, sir, I'm fond of a glass of wine." "Aye, there at least you find yourself well provided for. The Burgundy and Champagne"——

"Never tasted any thing but their Port and Sherry; and oh! such stuff! talk of your French wines, indeed! but it's all alike—eating-and-drinking, and every thing else, not fit to be compared to England—is it, my love?" (to his wife who had just joined company with a couple of red haired daughters.) "Their music, at least—their plays—" "Plays! call *them* plays! I never heard such trash in my life, Sir; I thought the people were mad. The scenery was well enough; and the music wasn't amiss—for them as like music—but for the rest, such a noise and gabble! lord Sir, I couldn't understant a word they said. And then their churches, such mummery! and their parliament house, such a hubbub! and their newspapers, such rubbish! never a one'm worth two-pence except Galignani's Messenger; and their money! farthings worth as much again as penny-pieces, and sixpences only going for fipence a piece—such stuff! as if they could'nt stick to plain pound shillings and pence, like Christians! and then their weather-cocks!" "Weathercocks!" "Yes, weathercocks! The fact is, Sir, that I'm very fond of fishing, and happening to cast my eye on the weathercock as we came near Amiens, and being told there was capital trout-fishing in the Somme, I was fool enough to stay there two days to try my luck. But after spending all this time by the water side, and catching nothing but a dreadful lumbage, and losing all my best flies, and being mobbed by the little boys in the place, I at last made out that it was entirely owing to that infernal French weathercock. It was pointing South as I thought; but the fact is, sir, that South in this country means North—at least S. don't stand for South, as it does with us, but for something else"——"*Septentrion*, my dear," interrupted his gentler self. "For something else, that means north: and there was I, fooling away my time in fishing for trout in a North wind, and losing all my best tackle, catching all manner of lumbages and rheumatism, and getting laughed at all over the country for my pains."

FLIES.--A SUMMER MEDITATION.

These vagabond ephemera are to the multitude, and particularly to butchers, in dog-days, a pest worst than an Eyptian plague: to me who am "withal more restless," the eternal buzz, and the busy idleness of your vagrant fly is an amusing speculation—one which I can either moralize upon, or laugh at, just as the humor changes. It is no idleness to watch one of these free denizens of the air winging from honey pot to cream pot, from ceiling to window, from window to wall, and from wall to any indifferent thing upon which he can settle for momentary rest. Upon a porter's hand, as he drowses away the day in some lordly hall, which, tickled, opens on the instant, as if the secret spring of self-interest had been touched by his light tread; and he dreams of palming a fee from some poor petitioner for his good lord's bounty, whose doors, but for the turning of the silver key, had never opened unto him. Upon a gourmand's flannel-folded foot, at which he swears an oath—perhaps twenty—as if a crab had clutched it. Upon a beauty's lip, who straightway dreams of the handsome colonel's kisses. Upon an alderman's nose, enjoying his coffre after-dinner apoplexy, who starts like a "guilty spirit at a fearful summons," calls for more turtle, mutters that the last was excellent, and putting his handkerchief over his eyes, snores into sleep again. Upon a crabbed cur's newly clipped ear, who, dreaming that he again feels the scissors, barks bitterly, opens one eye drowsily, and finding that his dream is but a dream, cuddles his tail once more around his nose, and coils himself up in sleep. Upon the nose of a shepherd's dog, who dreams of stray wethers. Upon the lips of a mongrel, the terror of three hundred yards of street, who, in fancy, bites deep into the heels of post horses and the trowsers of teasing school boys. Upon a cook wench's eyelid, as she snatches her forty winks in the larder after dinner, who cries, in her walking sleep, "Adone, do, John!" and cuffing Monsieur the Fly into the cold soup of yesterday, where he incontinently drowns, snores again in peace. Upon John Ostler's thievish hand, as he snugly snoozes in the hayloft, who roars out, "Stand still, wilt thee, beast!" Upon Joe the waiter's ear, buzzing there like a parlor bell, who starts, and answers.—"Coming sir; coming!" Upon a carrier's whip hand, as he sleeps in the corner of his cart, who wakes spiteful, and lashing his horses in revenge at being roused, drops himself and his whip once more upon the miller's sacks, and wakes not till he has run against the turnpike, or over an old woman. Upon the cradled infant's innocent lips, disturbing its rosy slumber where a child most loves to sleep—in its mother's arms. In short, upon any perchable prominence which can be tickled or tormented by a fly's furtive touch. It is not a little amusing to behold a huge mammoth of a man, who might detain a buffalo by the ears, become impatient and peevish under the trifling annoyance of a puny fly, and swear, cuff, kick, and be so spiteful with the innocent guilt of one, as to wage war with the whole race of flies—flapping them down here with handkerchief or Bavarian broom—destroying them there with most insidious poison water—and imprisoning them elsewhere with most ingenious fly traps, those fly penitentiaries.

THEATRICALS, FROM "FIGARO IN LONDON."

Covent Garden is pursuing its lamentable career, and the house is full or empty, just as there happens to be other kind of attraction or not for the swell mob and swell pickpockets. C. Kemble's hostility to Shakspeare seems to be of the most malignant and persevering kind, for he has attacked him in the most wanton way in some of his dearest parts—those of Shylock, Macbeth, and Hamlet. Mr. Pritchard is butchering the seconds, and Mr. H. Wallack is slaughtering the third-rate characters with a degree of sanguinary violence that is more worthy of the shambles than the stage; and if Giblet, of Bond street, wishes to strengthen his company for Christmas, before the beef-eating commences, he will find some valuable recruits at Covent Garden. The novelties announced are of a most amusing kind. There is one called "Mutual Expense; or, a Female Travelling Companion." We believe this is founded on the manager's own elopement with Miss Vincent; "Mutual Expense" is a very nice name for it, but we don't know how far Osbaldeston's "Female Travelling Companion" may be likely to interest the public in general.

At the writing of this, there is no announcement published of the opening of Drury Lane Theatre. It will, we believe, take place early in October, but what with, nobody has the smallest conception. Some say Bunn himself is coming out with Iago to Captain Polhill's Othello. This would draw a house for one night, but nothing more, and we therefore presume it would not be repeated. The fault of Bunn's Iago is, that he makes his villany too apparent, and he never has the audience with him; that is to say he plays to empty benches.

The Dorchester Victims had a benefit at the Victoria, on Tuesday, but we think the greatest victims of all were the audience, who were good-natured enough to sit out the performances. They consisted of "Rattlin the Reefer," which is the most *rattlin* nonsense we have seen for some time—and the acting is about as bad as it can be. Forrester, Mrs. Nisbett, and Elton, kindly gave their aid, and their performances considerably lightened the general character of the entertainments.

We have heard that the Printers' Pension Society is about to take a Benefit at the English Opera House the first Monday in November. It is a most admirable institution, and we hope it may prove profitable to the parties.

Our latest advices inform us that Vestris having the fear of the Lord Chamberlain's walking-stick before her eyes, will not open until Michaelmas Day, which being *Goose* day, is rather an ominous one to poor authors who happen to be about to launch a novelty. Yates is in a *quandary*, but whatever *dairy* he may be in, he will not be able to *skim the cream*. This is Yates's own joke, and it is a very bad one—like every thing else that he attempts of the facetious order.

The Haymarket, since we last wrote, was the scene of the production of a most superior tragic drama, called "The Cavalier." It is written by Mr. Charles Whitehead: a gentleman, whose talents require only to be known and appreciated, to make half the established writers turn head over heels down the gulf of oblivion, before the superior prowess of his elevated genius.

Vestris opens on Monday; but why Braham and Yates do not open on the same night we cannot opine. Vestris's house looks very pretty; her box pannells are made to represent tea-cups, and the orchestra presents the refreshing appearance of a cream-jug without the handle. We have heard the chandelier is to be a large tea-pot; we think if Mr. James Vining were hung up instead, he would give all the effect of the tea-pot, and prevent the necessity of his going on the stage—a great *desideratum* to all the Olympic visitors. As the house is to look like a set of tea-cups, a few of the walking ladies would make very pretty *spoons*, as accompaniments. Mrs Honey is engaged by Vestris. We wonder at this. Mrs. H. is too vulgar to be of any service in Vestris's theatre. We presume Madame has engaged her *by the foot*, as, when she first saw her, that was all she professed to be able to see of her. We wonder that Yates did not secure the delectable Honey; for paint, vulgarity, large legs, and all that kind of thing, are just suited to Yates's establishment. Buckstone will be there, with his Satanic Majesty, O. Smith, but John Reeve's arrival is very doubtful. There is a great deal too much fuss made about that very vulgar personage. It is to be lamented that inebriety can get a man so much talked about, as to render him even popular for his beastliness. Jack Reeve and Fred. Yates may be very jolly fellows over the grog glass, but they are very vulgar fellows any where else; and it is well known Reeve cannot get a permanent footing in any decent London theatre. His last feat was being too drunk to appear at the Surrey; and yet this is the man that is relied on as the *prop* of the Adelphi. With such an unsteady prop, the whole concern stands a good chance of tumbling down altogether. Sept. 24.

JACK REEVE.

The three little Winter theatres opened their doors on Thursday, and each was instantly filled to overflowing. The rush at the Adelphi, however, was the greatest: the restoration of the old dynasty, the appearance of Mrs. Yates, and above all, the return of "Glorious John" from America, drew together an audience that would have filled two Adelphis. Long before the inner doors were open, the crowd blocked up the pavement, and extended half way across the road. The experience of many successful seasons has shown that Yates knows best how to cater to the general taste: and we should bear in mind that it was he who in conjunction with Terry, first raised the Minors to an intellectual rivalry with the Great Houses.

When Mrs. Yates came forward to speak the opening address, the audience seemed as if they would take her in their arms; and she appeared as if she could throw herself into them. It was the greeting of long-parted friends—expressed somewhat tumultuously on the part of the public. The address was brief and to the purpose; and Mrs. Yates spoke it with a hearty familiarity; each allusion to the old favorites behind the curtain was responded to most vociferously. Mrs. Yates looked extremely well: she has grown younger—in spirit at least.

The performance commenced with a piece for the occasion, called *Novelty, or New Scenes and Old Faces*; which introduced in succession all the "old favorites" of the Adelphi company. As each one appeared, the uproariors welcome was repeated,—Wilkinson, Buckstone, O. Smith, and Miss Daly, were severally cheered, nor was S. Smith with his jolly face passed by. Yates himself was overwhelmed with kindness; and accustomed as he is to such receptions, was a little moved on the occasion. When John Reeve appeared, the audience rose *en masse*, shouting and waving their hats, while peals of laughter intermingled with the applause. John looks all the better for his voyage across the Atlantic; he is thinner, but there is quite enough of him left; and his face seems to have acquired a confirmed robustness of jollity and humor. In the course of the dialogue, Reeve made several allusions to those infirmities and failings which latterly came too often before the lamps, and promised reformation. After a long voyage, finding himself once more among his old friends, it is not surprising that John should feel "at sea" again; so we must not be severe on his lapses of memory on Thursday night.

But we are forgetting the *Novelty*, and in truth, there is little of novelty in it. Memory and Novelty vie with each other who shall best succeed in pleasing the public. Novelty brings forward the Arabs, the Giraffe, and so on; while Memory calls up the shade of Mathews—personated by Yates—and brings forward samples of the favorite Adelphi burlettas; Yates appearing as the Red Rover, Mrs. Yates as Victorine, O. Smith as the Flying Dutchman, Reeve and Buckstone as Magog and Jemmy Starling, and Wilkinson being old Memory himself. Memory carried it hollow; but Yates promised to unite the two, and both were content.

Reeve's reminiscences of his Transatlantic trip were confined to the song which he sung out of his book; and his imitation of Macready as *Ion* of necessity extended no further than the dress and manner. Yates gave a capital imitation of Braham; but the exertions of Messrs. Brown, King, and Gibson, only proved that the feats of the Arabs were inimitable. The *Wreck Ashore* and the *Christening* followed: in the former, Mr. Lyon, from York, took Yates's character of *Miles Bertram*; and in the latter, Mr. Cullenford and Mrs. Coleman made their first appearance. We shall have future opportunities of forming an estimate of their respective merits.

We were glad to get extricated from the jam of human beings; so we escaped at the end of the extravaganza; and went to see how the Olympic looked, without its gallery, and with its new decorations. By the way, we were not much better off in point of air and room at the Olympic; for the upper boxes and lobbies were completely crammed, and the heat was as stifling as at the Adelphi.

Another account says:—Reeve might say with Kean "the pit rose at me." A laurel crown was cast upon the stage and other compliments foreign and domestic were paid him, which he received with good grace and good humour. For instance, when Memory is pointed out to him he says "Ay, I know him, he's often abandoned me when I most needed him, but I hope we'll be better friends in future." Of the Bedouins he says "I'll have nothing to do with them, for I've given up tumblers." These home thrusts at his own expense were much applauded. He says "Our *Woods* have been much admired in America; they are about to send us a *Forrest*, and we in gratitude furnish them with a little *Tree*." He was asked to give an account of the Americans, but he replied, "I will never repay hospitality by ridicule." In a speech of thanks for his reception he said it was not warmer than that which he had been greeted on the other side of the Atlantic, and pursued this course of extemporising throughout the night.

The following Address will be delivered by the Lessee of Covent Garden, on its opening, under the portico in Bow-street:—

Walk up, all those who are willing
To be here at the beginning;
And who wouldn't pay a shilling
To see Charley Kemble grinning!

To see Mrs. Glover fainting,
To be look'd at such a place in;
And then Billy Farren painting,
With no glass to see his face in?

The house has not been quite wash'd,
And for this 'ere cogent reason—
We may both have to be whitewashed
Ere the finish of the season.

Hear! "God save the King" is singing:
And I'll bet you, when it s ended,
There'd be little life the King in,
Upon that if it depended.

Then Fitzball has all the summer
Searched each sepulchre and prison;
And you never saw a rummer
Set of horrors than are his'n!

Now the sword Macready handles,
And the gods begin their clamor;
O—h! tho' rather short of candles,
We'll *throw light* upon the drama. Age.

PARTICULARS OF PIE-MAKING.—"Weal pie," said Mr. Weller, soliloquizing as he arrayed the eatables on the grass. "Very good thing is a weal pie, when you know the lady as made it, and is quite sure it an't kittens; and after all though, where's the odds, when they're so like weal that the wery piemen themselves don't know the difference?" "Don't they, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick, interposing—"Not they, Sir," replied Mr. Weller, touching his hat, "I lodged in the same house with a pieman once, Sir, and a wery nice man he was—reg'lar clever chap too—make pies out o' anything he could. 'What a number o' cats you keep, Mr. Brooks,' says I, when I'd got intimate with him. 'Ah,' says he, 'I do—a good many,' says he. 'You must be very fond o'eats,' says I. 'Other people is,' says he, a winkin' at me. 'they an't in season till the winter though,' says he. 'Not in season?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'fruits is in, cats is out.'—'Why, what do you mean?' says I. 'Mean?' 'That I'll never be a party to the combination o' the butchers to keep up the price o' meat,' says he. 'Mr. Weller,' says he, squeezing my hand wery hard, and vispering in my ear—'don't mention this here again, but it's the seasonin' as does it. They'er all made o' them noble animals,' says he, a pointin' to a wery nice little tabby kitten, 'and I seasons 'em for beef steak, weal, or kidney, 'cordin to the demand; and more than that,' says he, 'I can make a weal a beef steak, or a beef steak a kidney, or any one 'em a mutton, at a minute's notice, just as the market changes and appetites wary!'" "He must have been a very ingenious young man, that, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, with a slight shudder. The Pickwick Papers.

SINGULAR ROOSTING-PLACE FOR A CANARY.—So many canary-finches are kept by different persons in the neighborhood, that during the late summer, it has been no uncommon occurrence to see one that had escaped from confinement flying at large, enjoying the sweets of liberty. Their habits, when thus in a manner wild, closely resemble those of the gold-finch; they frequent gardens and orchards, passing their time on the fruit-trees, and they contrive to pick up a plentiful subsistence; their color, however, renders them so conspicuous, that they are sure before long to attract the attention of somebody, and they have generally been entrapped, before passing many days, or at most weeks, in a state of freedom. A fine cock has just been captured here in the following singular manner: A few evenings ago, when it was getting dusk, as two persons were walking along the side of a wide ditch containing but little water, they observed a canary bird pass and fly direct into a deserted rat's hole in the bank. Eager to obtain the bird, one of them leaped across and secured the entrance with a whisp of grass, and the next morning it was dug out alive, and unhurt, from its strange subterraneous retreat.

MODERN RACE-HORSES AND HUNTERS

"That we require more and more every year an order of blood-horse rarely met with, and only to be procured at very large prices, is universally admitted."—CRAVEN *on Stud Farms*

No sooner had I read this sentence, than I found myself astride my old hobby, and going at the rate of twenty miles an hour—My Uncle Toby was never more firmly seated in his saddle. Verily I believe that such noble sports as those we treat of were given by Providence to divert the hearts of some (who in furtherance of the grand scheme must comparatively be idle) from a natural tendency to evil; but man has thrown the *auri sacra fames* into the fountain, and the free-flowing waters are poison to those who drink too deeply of them. Were I so inclined I could not follow CRAVEN—I should be distanced; but as an ardent admirer of his writing, and of racing (for the sport alone), perhaps it will be allowable for me, whilst he is riding over the Round Course, to cut across now and then at angles, and throw out a few suggestions as to pace, &c. The opinions which I am about to offer (right or wrong) are given fearlessly: they are the result of much thinking, observation, and some little experience, and to my readers I offer no further apology than the often-quoted advice—

"Si quid novisti rectius candidus imperti;
Si non, his utere mecum."

Ever shall I remember how my gentle spirit was acerbated when those in authority, whom in my youth I was taught to honor, brushed away "at one fell swoop" our old King's Plate articles—this Reform Bill opening the door of the stable to the mushroom tribe, and allowing the young or untried to pounce upon rewards originally intended for those who had passed through a course of well-doing: *sed tempora mutantur*; and horses are changed as well as men. But to my text.

We deplore the degeneracy of our race-horses, yes, we do, but, what is worse, with all the means at hand we will not make use of them to keep our breed of horses as it once was. Now let us look to the present system, and see what are the chances of a remedy. In this world we cannot go back: "forward! forward!" is the present cry. How then can we expect racing to be steady? Look at its Augean stable: who is to cleanse it? Who will do away with the July Stakes? Who dares to annihilate the favorite Two-year-old Course? Who can command that the great races of the year shall be contended for by four-year-old, or induce men to keep horses in training when there is no longer (comparatively) anything worth contending for? Will the most influential on the Turf assist? Will public trainers recommend such changes? Will that class of men who now keep race-horses as a means of livelihood (a thing unknown in the olden time) strive to confer a national benefit? No, no! When racing shall again become the exclusive sport of gentlemen—when trainers shall again be private servants and wear livery coats—when the owners of race-horses dare to go into the stables where their horses are kept without leave, and not only to ask questions, but to give commands—when they shall in a great measure give up the system of book-making, and match their horses for £1000 across the Beacon—when they shall as much as possible separate themselves from the most execrable and disgusting set of vagabonds that ever disgraced our name and nation—when the race-course shall no longer be a mere Stock Exchange—then will there be an honorable emulation to bring to the post an animal worth looking at, but not till then.

And now a few words on that most interesting subject—Breeding. We will begin with the Arabian, as the founder of our present race of blood horse. Many contend that all our English race-horses may be traced back to pure Eastern descent on *both sides*: there we are at issue, and this is the mist that obscures the views of some of our stud masters. Voltaire tells us (not that I agree to half he says), that "incredulity is the beginning of wisdom:" at all events it encourages research. For one I cannot but feel assured, and on this point common sense bears me out, that when racing was first introduced, and was beginning to be popular in this kingdom, pure native horses were trained, and ran, and *bore off the bell!* Does not the appearance and character of some of our best race-horses warrant such a conclusion, *shewing* not one atom of Eastern descent. Well, the fastest of these were then selected as blood-stock: by care and attention the produce of these animals became more speedy, and lighter in form, and then the cross with the Eastern horse in-and-in, through two or three generations, in fulness of time produced the *ne plus ultra*, and Nature cried, "Hold!—enough!" She has her limits; we cannot go beyond them; yet this is what our present breeders are trying to do, and hence the failure. Notwithstanding the repeated trials they have made with the Arab and blood mares in this country of the present day, and notwithstanding they must perceive that such silk-worms spin their thread too fine, yet they will persevere to their own disappointment. Was the whole race of what are termed thorough-bred horses now annihilated, in my humble opinion, with the assistance of Arabians as stallions only, in little more than a century there would again be as good race-horses in England as there ever have been.

Let us look to the greyhound, the *ne plus ultra* of his species. What would the late Lord Rivers have thought had any one suggested to him the propriety of introducing the cross with the Italian greyhound into his kennel for further improvement, although this ladies' lap-dog and the shepherd's cur had originally much to do in bringing to perfection the noble animal of the present day? But there is no danger of the greyhound degenerating: why not? many may exclaim. Simply because there is no two-year-old course, and man has not been allowed to *improve* the breed of hares. And in breeding greyhounds, care must be taken not only to select sire and dam from approved blood, but the greatest nicety must be exercised in selecting those of *symmetry* and *substance*—the *sine qua non* of breeding to perfection any race of animals, but which the present order of breeders for the Turf very seldom condescend to trouble themselves about.

I was much gratified at reading the account of the two Arabs presented lately to his Majesty, and now to be seen in Hampton Court Stud. When George the Fourth was King, I had a great treat in perambulating those paddocks. At that time of day they had a somewhat curious way of disposing of their young stock. A party would arrive from Carlton House, and, after viewing the young ones, have a dinner and an auction, one of them performing Dick Tattersall. In this way many were disposed of, and at length a winner of the Derby (Gustavus, if my memory serves me) was bought at post-horse price, and the fun was put an end to.

But to return. It is highly satisfactory to know that the prices at which these Oriental gems are to be purchased are within the reach of any man who keeps a brood mare, and is anxious to try conclusions. Let him who is desirous to possess a good cocktail procure a real half-bred mare, with unexceptionable shape and action, and should he breed a filly by one of these Arabians, at two years old send her to the other; he would then probably see how few more crosses it would take to produce an animal to all appearance a race-horse: and remember that in this receipt for a *bona fide* cocktail, it will be nine times out of ten serviceable to breed (once) what is termed in and-in. Then let him go further a field, and select thorough-bred horses for their shape and size, and it would not take a century to produce a racer.

Notwithstanding many sad tricks have been played in cocktail racing, yet I conceive much good has resulted from it. It may be proved that some first-raters have been really not thorough-bred, and it is to their bearing no degrading mark to distinguish them from their more aristocratic brethren that has induced men to bring out thorough-bred horses for half-bred stakes. It is not many years since a sportsman might be highly gratified at seeing the horses saddled for the Billesdon Coplow Stakes at Croxton Park, and if a thorough-bred one was smuggled in, there was no certainty about his winning: at all events, he had no chance, unless he was a fine powerful animal, for he had to carry a man upon his back: a weedy devil would not have been accepted (for such purposes) as a gift. At the period to which I allude, cocktail racing was about its zenith; and we can but remember such nags as Gossoon, Optimus, Tartar, Brother to Hexgrave, Rufus, Contraband, *cum multis aliis*; all of them able, as many of them did, to finish their honorable course as hunters, and carrying men in their *teens*. Now the world said that all these nags were thorough-bred, and there can be little doubt about it: at all events they proved themselves race-horses in spite of English blood; and I heard an experienced trainer at that time declare that the only difference that he could see between the cocktails and the acknowledged thorough-bred horses was that the cocktails were the *better sort*. Now does not this induce us to believe that powerful blood-horses may be bred if men will but set about it? The materials are still at hand and in full force, but not the inducement. The reason why owners of large racing studs, who are hunting men, find a difficulty even with their advantages to procure horses able to carry them in the field, is merely because these said horses are all bred expressly for racing after the present fashion: and if Nature now and then goes out of her way, and throws them a great bony animal that requires time to bring his powers to perfection, should he survive the tender mercies of Mr. Trainer, who has tried him (poor devil) at two years old to be as slow as a top, why he is a cast horse, and has the honor of becoming a hunter. Now did any man (possessed of the means) set about breeding blood-horses for the field only, and select proper materials, and merely train them for hunting, and prohibit their being used till they came to maturity, after a course of years it would be the refuse of his stud that would be sought after for modern racing. If half-bred horses intended for hunting had to go through the drilling that the thorough-bred horse of the present day does, and at the same time of life, where would men find hunters even of this description? We may grumble at and lament the degeneracy of our present race of blood-horses, but we have the means at hand for restoring them, and, from the enormous increase of numbers during the last half century, a manifest advantage over our grandfathers. The danger is only to be manfully faced to be overcome. But, alas! who will "bell the cat?" who, for experiment sake only, will shew us what can be done?

Perhaps I ought more fully to explain why I have introduced that class of horses denominated cocktails to illustrate my theory of breeding powerful thorough-bred ones. Now I will tell you why. In the first place they have been the only class of horse in the present day that have always run at high weights; and I for one believe that, with few exceptions, all the crack cocktails of the last few years have been *de facto* thorough-bred: both their appearance and performances have warranted such conclusion. My Lord Chesterfield seems to hold the same opinions, for I see he has nominated one for the Derby in 1838. They were bred or selected for the purpose of running for stakes to win, which horses must be able to carry weight, and the word cocktail was *vox et preterea nihil*: yet we have terms vague and indefinite by which we allow ourselves to be blinded. The term "game" is always in use amongst sporting men; and, as it applies to horses, it is supposed to be exclusively the property of the thorough-bred one. Is it so? Let any man attend Newmarket, and honestly confess what he sees. Why, that the commonest hacks that ever were bestridden by butchers' boys would run half a mile more honestly than very many of the terrible high-bred cattle brought out there—the veriest curs that ever were saddled. Old Contraband, the cocktail, in his best day, with 12 st. on his back, would have killed about half the race-horses now at Newmarket, had they challenged him for heats over the Beacon. Had Lamplighter or Plenipo been bred by some men that I could mention, they would have been cocktails, and no mistake.

The following trial was run in those days to which I am alluding to prove the merits of one of these half-bred weight carriers (The Tartar), and upon his back they put *only* 13 st. Isaac Day's Nimrod, he unfortunately was obliged to be rated thorough bred, carried 12 st. Rosa, a thorough-bred one also, and good enough to pick up a Plate now and then, was put in at 7 st. 10 lbs. It was a Yorkshire race, as hard as they could leather from end to end. The Tartar won by 20 yards, the mare second; all of an age, distance two miles. Moses, by Walthamstow, another half-bred one, beat Brownlock for the King's Plate at Weymouth. In short, all these horses could win in their turns at high weights (the purposes for which they were selected) against all comers, which induces me to believe that horses could in the present day be had in plenty, both for the course and the field, able to carry high weights, were we once to set about it.

The nags which I have just alluded to were selected as weight carriers: never mind the blind that was thrown down in the shape of a term: they did not balk expectation, and so far the experiment worked for us. What horses might we not expect, was the sole object of the Turfmen of the present day to breed for the same purposes? But let us see how they actually do breed race-horses; and I will select two from the nominations for the Derby and Oaks for '38. Before we get far down the list we find one bred thus: by Lamplighter out of Camarine's dam; and before we get through the whole of the two lists, we find another animal declared to be by Partisan out of Scratch. Now we will suppose these two to be both colts engaged in a Produce Stakes of 200 sovs. to run over the Beacon at four years old, carrying 10 st. 7 lbs. each, and warranted untried up to the day of starting: we will have both nags well on the day of running; and without seeing either, what would be the scale of wagering?—not being a betting man I will not take upon me to determine. Now let us reverse the order of things, and allow the same breed to run at two years old, T. Y. C. at 8 st. each, would the same nag be favorite for both? If not, I have got a great way in substantiating my theory. CRAVEN says, it is action that carries weight. To this I most willingly agree: but it must be coupled with other attributes. And what gives action? Symmetry. Exceptions are found we are aware; but we have also settled their precise value. The more beautifully proportioned any animal is, the smaller does it appear: it is this exquisite fitness of different parts that produces that description of horse so highly valued by dealers, and known in their languages as "big little ones." No horse that has been celebrated as a weight-carrier ever looked like it to the eye of a common observer. When I say a weight-carrier, I do not mean a horse that can merely stand under it, because one of Barclay's dray-horses can do that; but I mean a horse that can race with 12 st. on his back, and hunt in any country with 13: for remember we are now confined to blood horses. For activity and power combined, what may be termed a 12 st. man and 12 st. horse must be accounted the standard of perfection. Again, with regard to horses carrying weight, before they do it they must be accustomed to it. Take a lot of race horses that have only been used to run at light weights, and clap the old King's Plates upon their backs, and select one accustomed to such amusement to make running for them over about three miles, the last of the B. C. if you like, and then we should not be electrified as we are told that the spectators are at the finishing rush of a Chifney or a Robinson. Look at the miller and his men: give me a dozen (just as they come) from 20 to 10 years of age, and any one who likes may go and pick a dozen of the Life Guards (warranted untried in a mill), and my dusty jacket chaps shall carry a sack of flour each to the top of the Monument and down again before their opponents could get up.

The best horse that I can now call to mind for carrying weight as a racer was old Jocko, the property of Isaac Sadler. Now Jocko was certainly a fine horse, but there was nothing gigantic about him. I have sat some hours in his box, and endeavored, by studying him attentively, to worm out of the shapes before me the outward visible signs of weight-carrying; and, after all, the only conclusion I could arrive at was, that it was from the exact proportion of one part to another, that even distribution of strength to all parts where it was wanted, without any one being Herculean, that when put in action gave him the powers he possessed. No one could have pointed out any particular limb or muscle; there was nothing exuberant, nothing in which there was a falling off. Now let us see whether it is not fair to conclude that education had some share in bringing to perfection his forte. He was at three years old the worst tempered animal living, and he underwent the operation for such cases made and provided; and the next season was brought out again, but without the least success; and his temper still being very suspicious, and his master, still thinking that he could run if he would, was determined to try to knock the devil out of him; and in the ensuing winter he was sentenced to hard labor in the hunting field. For this experiment a big lad was put upon his back, with a big stick in his fist, and orders to use it *pro re nata*, and to go along. How many black thorns were used up about him during these two months of probation we cannot determine; but the lad used him, as the costermonger said of his donkey, "as if he stole him." He went out (often) three times a-week with hounds, and was kept out the usual number of hours: in short, he had become inured to hard work, and returned to his original labors in the next season, and seemed now to give a preference to the comparatively easy terms of the racing school; and this plan laid the foundation of that name which he afterwards earned as a King's plater, beating all concerns, and carrying such terror about with him that few men would risk their horses at high weights in a race with him; and what is much better, he was a regular annuity (from the Royal Purse alone) to his sporting owner for some years of 300 sovs.; and his performance at Heaton Park in 1830 is yet to be exceeded.

But to proceed. Another reason why I am led to believe that there are plenty of thorough-bred horses equal to 13 st. in the field is, that in viewing different studs we shall find three out of five of all the stallions shewn there fully up to the weight I have alluded to. I know that in this way we generally see them loaded with flesh; but we know their legs and feet do not get bigger, or shew to more advantage than when they are at work. No, the secret is they have attained a certain number of years, and no horse is so long coming to his best for laborious purposes as a blood horse. There is one man of whom I have in my letters before made mention, as the only person in this kingdom who uses his horses in the double capacity of racers and hunters. This person is Isaac Day, of Northleach—(by the bye, I wish the printers of the lists of races would distinguish between the person I have alluded to and "honest John:" we know that *I* stands for *John* as well as Isaac, and 'tis provoking for persons at a distance who are interested in such matters to see only Mr. *I.* Day's so-and-so. Pray, Mr. Editor, have this amended).—Well, this Mr. Isaac Day, in spite of his having been brought up in the racing stable, chooses to think and act for himself; his young ones in the winter are taught to leap, to trot and canter over dirty fields; are not allowed to be frightened out of their wits at the sight of a long blade of grass, a mole hill, or a cart rut, as the Newmarket fliers are; yet this Mr. Isaac has brought out some clipping two-year-olds at Ascot, and sold them for clipping prices. Amongst his aged race-horses used as hunters, I remember Nimrod, Boy Blue, Maldonia, and Shark; aye, this latter the very best on earth he proved himself with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds the season before the dreadful accident at Goodwood, when, within twenty yards of the post (having beaten all his horses), he terminated his honorable career. Yes, he used to carry Isaac Day hunting, who with his saddle, &c. receives but very little back out of 13 st., and who goes out hunting, not merely for the purpose of shewing his horses, but with the determination to ride by the side of hounds as long as they run. He has now a thorough-bred one in his stable that Sir Richard Sutton might envy—a tit, by Spectre, out of Liston's dam. In short, he always has had thorough-bred ones to carry him as hunters, and, as long as he pursues that sport, always will.

Now, allow me to suggest a plan for the breeding a stud of powerful thorough-bred horses, and let it not be scorned for its simplicity. I will name but two stallions, Emilius and The Colonel; now *select* mares for their symmetry, and size or substance, descended from parents of the largest stature; for instance, daughters of Muley, Merlin, Filho, or his son Dr. Faustus, and others of a like sort; but, remember, they must have symmetry, as height alone does not constitute strength; and when the breeder sees his paddocks filled with this sort of produce, he must not run them for Two-year-old Stakes. Heaton Park now claims the sole honor of shewing to the world that there are yet race-horses in this country that can carry a man on their backs. Long live Lord Wilton! For my own part (bad as the taste may be) I would sooner see two Savoyards' poodles run a race of 40 yards for a bit of biscuit thrown down for them, and jockeyed by monkeys (as performed on the race courses in the vicinity of London), than look on whilst anything in the shape of an English race-horse is shewing his powers with about 6 st. 12 lbs. on his back.

And now to conclude and sum up. "So many men, so many minds," is an old adage. I cannot expect to make converts to my opinion, but possibly some of the young ones who may read this may be led to think a little upon the subject: some will go a long way with me, some but a short distance, and some directly in an opposite direction: *n'importe!* they shall not misunderstand me, for this is the substance of what I have endeavored to promulgate—

1st. That the Arabian horse is of no further use as far as the improvement of our present race horse is concerned, but that he is the parent tree from which we can at any time begin *de novo*.

2dly. That so long as the breed of thorough-bred horses continues in the country, we can always, by adopting proper means, have them of size and substance; but whilst we pursue plans, the result of which are invariably diametrically opposite to that which we affect to admire, 'tis absurd and childish to howl over the consequences.

RINGWOOD.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Oct. 1836.

ON BREEDING HORSES.

It gives us much more than ordinary pleasure, remarks the Editor of the London "Sportsman," to find that the notion, inconsiderately adopted, of breeding from what was termed "large roomy mares," and supported by the crude opinions of the late Mr. Cline, is likely to be swept away by the irresistible progress of truth. We have on previous occasions much admired the physiological doctrines promulgated by that shrewd and judicious observer, Mr. Dick, and we copy with much pleasure the following short article from the British "*Farmer's Magazine*," in which this gentleman's ideas on the breeding of horses are embodied. Let it not be forgotten that Mr. Dick, to a high degree of scientific attainment, unites very extensive practice as a veterinary surgeon; consequently, the opinions promulgated by him through the medium of the press are entitled, not only to attentive perusal, but the most deliberate consideration:—

But the matter is of still more importance in a public point of view; for if we suppose that there is in the country not less than 1,500,000 horses—and that one-tenth of these are not worth the food they consume, the loss to the community is immense. Suppose, for example, that an ordinary sized horse cost 25*l.* in rearing until he is four years old; suppose him also to be one of those nondescript animals to which I have been alluding, what will then be his value?—He is dear to any one as a present. We shall, however, suppose him to bring four-fifths of his cost in rearing—(and the owner will be glad to get rid of him even at such a price); yet, even on this supposition, the total loss to the country on the aggregate number of inferior stock, which we have assumed to be one-tenth, will amount to the enormous sum of 1,500,000*l.*, although the animal should then become worth his food. The loss, however, does not stop here. If he passes at four years old from the breeder's hand, still he continues to consume the produce of the country, without making an adequate return: for if we value the average value of a horse at 20*l.* per annum, one of these inferior animals will do one-fourth less work than a good horse, which will make 5*l.* of additional loss on each; and if we assume this description of stock to amount to one-tenth of 1,500,000*l.* the total number, there will be a total loss of 750,000*l.* on their labor. There is another circumstance, however, connected with these mal-formed animals, that merits consideration—viz., that from their defective formation they are unable to endure the degree of fatigue to which they are exposed—and are cut off at premature age. In one point of view, therefore, the expenses attending them are saved, but the short-lived nature of these animals is of itself a very great loss. For if we suppose the average life of horses to be 15 years, it will be found that the life of these animals is one-third short of this period, making a still further loss of 125,000*l.* exclusive of the many accidents caused principally from their mal-formation and the extra attendance of the veterinary surgeon, whose services are thus rendered necessary.

The body of an animal may be considered as a piece of mechanism, the moving power of which is the vital principle, which, like fire to the steam engine, sets the whole in motion, but whatever quantity of fire, or vital energy may be applied, neither the animal machine, nor the steam engine, will work with regularity and effect, unless the individual parts of which the machine is composed are properly adjusted, and adapted to the different purposes for which they are intended. It is not enough that the animal machine is put in motion by the noblest spirit, or nourished by the highest blood: every bone must have its just proportion, every muscle or tendon its proper pully, every lever its due length and arrangement, every joint its most accurate adjustment and perfect lubrication—all must have their relative proportions and strength before the motion of the machine can be accurate, vigorous, and durable. From what has been stated, it may be inferred that it is necessary to obtain those animals for breeding which approach as near as possible to perfection in their mechanism, for if "like produce like," we can only expect to obtain an improvement in the breed by such means.

In making such selections, various circumstances are to be attended to—such as the kind of progeny wished for, and the local situation where they are to be reared. In all cases, size and strength in proportion, combined with the greatest possible action and mildness of temper, are indispensable qualities required in both sire and dam, and the nearer they approach each other in these respects, so much the better: for although blood* in horses may be of less consequence than is generally supposed, I am far from recommending that unnatural and violent crosses should be resorted to. The different varieties, I allow, arise from one parent stock, but the influence of climate, and other circumstances, have in a succession of generations, combined to alter their form and size, and, consequently it has been found necessary to divide them into various classes. The animal economy is endowed with a power of accommodation by which the individual constitution adapts itself to the situation in which it is placed. Nor is this law confined to the animal economy alone, for we will find it pervading the whole face of nature, linking all together in one harmonious whole. In the deserts of Arabia, the warmth of its climate, the scanty herbage, or the detachedness of its luxuriant patches, would be but *ill adapted* for the maintenance of animals such as London dray horses. There we find an animal adapted, both by his frame and constitution, for the situation in which he is placed. He possesses a lightness of form, a hardness of muscular fibre, an activity and durability which, with the fineness of his coat, enable him to display those powers of speed for which he is celebrated.

But if we remove him from those arid deserts to the luxuriant pasturage of Flanders, or the Fens of Lincolnshire, or turn him adrift on the bleak and barren mountains of Shetland or Wales, we find him on one hand gradually acquiring the most gigantic dimensions, from the nutritiousness of his diet and the trifling exercise required in procuring it; and on the other, shrinking into a mere dwarf from the incongeniality of his situation, and the scantiness and poverty of his provender.

It is the capability of changes being effected by domestication, that demands attention. If natural processes were uncontroled by art, the interference of man would be of little avail. But when we find so much in his power, the greatest attention is necessary to give his efforts a proper direction. When we look to animals in a state of nature, we perceive a striking uniformity in form and color. In the domesticated state, how various are they! and why? The answer is obvious—they vary according to our capricious interference.

Seeing, therefore, the urgent necessity and manifest advantages of an improvement in this branch of rural economy, together with the almost unlimited power that breeders possess in accomplishing it, the grand desideratum is to direct this power into such a channel as will best accomplish the object in view. And for this purpose I would recommend to those agricultural societies, which are in the habit of giving premiums with a view of obtaining the best horses, to recollect that when they have procured a horse to their mind, they have done only half of what is requisite. They ought also to select the best mares in the district to breed from. Without attending to this point, they never will arrive at the beneficial results that would otherwise accrue from their labors. I would also recommend as an experiment, that some agricultural society should offer a handsome premium for a draught stallion (say £100), so that the money from the mares would not be required as a remuneration to the owner. Having thus made a selection of one of the best horses in the country, let the society then appoint a committee of the most approved judges, to whom the mares intended to be bred from should be submitted, and let only such as are approved of by this committee be allowed to be served by the prize horse.

Such an experiment, if judiciously executed, would, I am certain, be attended with the most beneficial results, and each successive repetition of it would effect an increased and increasing improvement in the breed, until, by reiterated applications, so great and general an advancement would be accomplished, that numerous subjects, possessing all the requisite qualities could be obtained, from which the country could be supplied with a stock of horses, approximating, as near as possible, to perfection. Nor could the advantages of such experiments be confined to the individual county in which they originated, but by attracting the attention of the neighborhood to the importance of making a proper selection, both of sire and dam, and practically demonstrating the kind of animals most proper for breeding from, they would stir up a spirit of emulation and attention to the subject, which could not fail to afford both profit and instruction to all who engaged in them.

* In thus speaking of "*blood*" if the writer wish to be understood as not regarding it of the first and greatest possible importance, we must take leave to differ with him in opinion. The Arabian horse, from whom what is called "*blood*" is derived, is remarkable for the superiority of his conformation, the ivory-like solidity of his bone, the superior development and hardness of his tendons, the great elasticity of his muscle, for the easy lightness of his action; he is much stronger (speaking by comparison) than any other variety of the tribe; and we entertain not the least doubt, that the infusion of a considerable portion of his blood would much improve the breed of draught horses

ON TAMING WILD DUCKS.—I have heard it often remarked, that wild ducks, though hatched by domestic ducks or hens, will fly away from the poultry yard whenever they can take wing. Whether this observation is true or not I do not know; but that full grown wild ducks can be so tamed as to permit the person who feeds them to approach quite near them, is an undoubted fact. A gentleman, whose property was bounded on one side by the river North Esk, in Forfarshire, used to amuse himself by laying down handfuls of corn, and watching the wild ducks regaling themselves on it. He continued this practice so long, that at length, whenever he made his appearance near the river, the ducks would fly about him in such numbers, that the whole wild ducks in that part of the country seemed collected around him. He would then throw down the grain, which he kept loose in his coat pocket for that purpose. The ducks would alight and run to his very feet to gobble up the corn. He would bow down and lay hold of a duck or two and thrust them into his then empty pocket; and in this way he supplied his hospitable table with wild ducks, fed plump fat with his own hand, for many years without firing a gun. He would not allow any body to fire a gun near the fields which were frequented by the ducks, and which were always kept in grass, in consequence of the overflowing of the river. The ducks would not come near any person else, though he should have been habited in a similar dress, and dispensing his cereal favors as bountifully as their real friend. The old gentleman died, and with him died all the hopes of protection, and the enjoyments of good living for the poor ducks.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 19, 1836.

"This is your charge:—You are to comprehend all vagrom men."—DOGBERRY.

We are concerned to hear that one of Mr. Biddle's "monsters," of the value of $100, was last week intercepted by the lady of "a happy bridegroom," well known in fashionable circles, under the supposition that it was intended as an admiring tribute to the talents of a certain popular young actress, it having been designed by him as a donation to the Asylum for Foundlings. At least, so avers the lady's gay Lothario of a husband, a piece of impudence on his part unparalleled, save by some other of his feats. We deny indignantly that there was any *charitable* design in the appropriation of the money. As little was it intended for the very clever and deserving actress alluded to, as to bribe the editor of the Herald to silence in the matter of his "old flames;" but it *was* intended to have been conveyed to its right owner—a fair *danseuse*—not, we can confidently say, as a tribute to her public talents, but her private performances—in other words, in payment of a just debt. We regret to see that the mere payment of a debt should have created such a sensation. Surely, as Sheridan once remarked, there ought to be nothing surprising in such a circumstance.

The most ridiculous exaggerations have been set afloat as to the number of bottles of Hock and Madeira uncorked during the recent meetings of a certain committee of arrangements at a hotel near the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, as $500 will cover the whole expenses, oysters and venison included. The lucky members of the committee had quite a festival of it at their last sitting, when they proceeded so far as to break open a basket of Champagne, labelled "*American*," though not of Yankee manufacture. The result might have been anticipated. Before the parties became sensible (not that they ever have arrived at years of discretion,) of their breach of good breeding, in converting another gentleman's wine to their own use and behoof, the opportunity to supply its place had passed, and the gentleman for whom it was intended, thinking himself slighted, and feeling "every inch a king," at once visited the sins of the committee upon the head of the unoffending beneficiary. We understand the facts are well known to his Honor the Recorder, and that witnesses of the utmost respectability can testify to the facts. Justice is blind, everybody knows, but on the occasion referred to, she was not only blind, but asleep!

A smart little daily paper of this city, The New Era, asks—

"We wonder what have become of the dramas which were solicited by Mr. Wallack and Miss Clifton, and for the best of which they offered premiums of $1000. There was something said about a committee of taste, and some noise and puffery was administered on the occasion. Is there no dramatic genius in the country, or have the actor and actress thought better of the affair, and wisely determined to keep their money in their pockets?"

Stick a pin there! It will be recollected that not above two months since a paragraph (from the same pen, by the bye, as the above,) went the rounds of the press, stating "as how" the writer had seen in front of the Mirror office a wheelbarrow-load of manuscripts, and on enquiry found they were original tragedies, on their way to the committee of examination, having been submitted for the prize offered by Mr. Wallack! Now, the whole barrow-load submitted for Wallack's prize is six only, and we hear neither one of them is more adapted to his peculiar abilities than any old chapter in Noah Webster's spelling-book. Wallack's prize tragedy was to be forthcoming about these days, while the time allowed by Miss CLIFTON for the submission of those intended for her prize, does not expire until December. We happen to know that some half dozen have been already received for her, and that several more are in preparation by distinguished writers, and further deponent saith not. A Philadelphia paper states that Richard Penn Smith, Esq., of that city, has in preparation a new tragedy for Wallack, entitled "The Venetian," and moreover, that it will be produced in the course of the present season. If the committee have decided before his tragedy is completed, that Mr. Smith shall have the $1000 prize, all we have got to say is, that he ought to "come down handsomely" with his canvass-back suppers to the umpires for the compliment they pay him, in handing over the prize without regard to the authors of the other tragedies submitted. In our opinion "the *least* he can do" for the unsuccessful candidates will be to send each of them a $50 counterfeit bill on some broken bank.

A writer in the Boston Galaxy is guilty of "flat burglary," and deserves to slide barefoot on a scythe for stating that the wife of a whiskey-punch drinker, down all the way in Maine, invariably heats her flat-iron by holding it to the nose of her espoused! The same rapscallion "goes on for to say," that the Nantucket girls fan themselves in hot weather with porpoises' tails! We trust some of the Down East girls will, as Dogberry says, "examination this man!" and when opportunity offers "give him the mitten" for his pains.

The Elopement which excited such sensation here two weeks since has been almost forgotten, in the excitement of the more recent election. Nothing has been heard of the fugitives since they left. By the bye, we do not recollect to have alluded to the matter before, and a few particulars may not be uninteresting to our country readers, so here goes:

About a fortnight since, the select circles of *ton*, and indeed the fashionable world generally, of our city, were thrown into quite a ferment by the elopement of a broker in Wall-street, with the wife of his book-keeper, a beautiful English lady, late from Mobile, of tender years, and "a most susceptible heart." The hero of this affair is most respectably connected, the son of a large capitalist, was himself in affluent circumstances, the husband of an amiable wife, and the father of several fine children. The parties sailed, it is supposed, in the *Cosmo* for England. The affair, of course, has wrought great distress and mortification among their friends and relatives. After the occurrence became generally known, the Herald came out every morning with some original "romantic incident" relative to the parties, and, indeed, the affair was a god-send to the penny-a-liners. We annex a paragraph or two:—

The account which we gave on Saturday of the recent runaway, Mrs. B., has created a great sensation in the fashionable circles throughout the city. For three days it has been the town talk, and the ladies are still full of inquiry, speculation, fears, hopes, reproaches and exclamations. The poor unfortunate fair one is blamed and condemned, as she justly merits it—but her *inamorato* is execrated to the lowest perdition. There is nothing too bad for him—nothing beyond his deserts—nothing that can make up for his delinquencies.

We have learned further particulars of Mrs. B's private history in the South, particularly in Mobile. It was on a beautiful morning, in the Spring of 1835, that the lovely and fascinating Mrs. B., arrayed with extreme taste, made one of a party of pleasure, on a visit to Spring Hill, six miles from Mobile, on the rising ground near the banks of the river. At Spring Hill there is a flourishing Catholic Seminary—about forty young pupils, and three French Catholic priests as teachers. This Seminary is situated in the midst of a most delightful scenery—with a clear lake on one side, and a little rising ground on the other. Mrs. B. was full of life and spirits. Indeed, during her residence at Mobile, she had, at the city assemblies, reigned supreme, and fascinated every man and every person that came within the verge of her power. In visiting Spring Hill, she completely captured the amiable priests, much more securely than Maria Monk did Father Phelan. "Shall I accompany you, Madame?"—"take my arm, Mademoiselle, s'il vous plait?"—permit a me, Madame, to ave de honoure of showing you," &c. &c., came quick and enthusiastically, from every one of the holy brotherhood. They showed her every part of the building—talked with her on astronomy and optics—discoursed on poetry and history—and then sallied out to walk about and around—around and about, the beautiful lake. When she was about to leave the grounds, it was difficult to get away—the fascinated priests were bowing and bon-jouring for an hour, and it was feared they would continue till sundown.

At Mobile Mrs. B. resided several months. She was in the best society there, and was certainly the *belle* of the city. A very wealthy but avaricious old bachelor was so fascinated with her, that he made her several presents of valuable jewelry. This fact leaking out, first led the female world to imagine suspicions unfavorable to her character. Why should he make her presents? asked some one. "Why, indeed?" re-echoed the whole female world. During the summer Mrs. B. visited the fashionable watering places of the South, and wherever she went she was the life and soul of society. Her manners were modest and ladylike—her conversational powers very superior—her wit racy and refined—her taste and tact uncommon, and withal there was a dash of melancholy or discontent about her, which increased the interest felt by all.

Pascagoula Springs in Mississippi, is a great place of resort for the fashionables from New Orleans, Mobile, and all the southwest. At this watering-place Mrs. B. figured during the last season with great *eclat*. She mixed in every gaiety, and took the lead in every amusement. The gentlemen were all completely bewitched with her splendid beauty—her great intellectual powers, and her uncommon attractions. She then removed to New Orleans, where she was equally fascinating in certain circles. From the South she came to this city, a few months ago, but here she lived in comparative obscurity, at a small boarding house near or in Canal street.

In beauty, in person, in taste, in talent, in refinement, Mrs. B. was a woman, by all accounts, calculated to shed a lustre around any society, or in the highest rank of life. Her passions and ambition have been her ruin—they have broke down her moral principles. It is said she was a native of Wales, and her name was Eliza. The vessel she embarked in, is bound for Bristol. Some tell a story that she intends to take her lover to some of the recesses in Cardiganshire or some bosom on Snowden's sunny banks, and there spend the remainder of a life, which has hitherto been insipid, tasteless and heartless. Perhaps no event has taken place in New York, for a long time past, that has created such a sensation in our moral and fashionable circles as this elopement.

"Dam 'me, there's a hoax for ye!"—GOSSAMER.

Had we room, we would "up and tell the whole story," of a hoax a wicked wag we wot of played off lately in this good city of Gotham, but as we have not, the reader will oblige us by taking the will for the deed, as otherwise we shall oblige him. Well, now to begin. *Imprimis*: Once upon a time—no, that is too formal and old fashioned. Here we have it in a jiffy, plain as a monkey's tail. A week or two since, "a grumbling groom," anxious to play upon the most vulnerable part of our humanity—videlicet, its vanity, indited anonymous epistles, written in a fair female hand, to some dozen young gentlemen, whose whiskers and lady-killing powers were not small in their own eyes. The note, which was signed "MARY," contained a gentle hint of attachment, and implored an interview on the West side of St. John's Park, on Saturday evening, at half past seven o'clock. Thither, at the appointed hour, did all the amatory swains repair, after due decoration, and the consumption of a world of perfumery. Like the immortal Byron—

"They had a passion for the name of Mary,"

and longed to see the lovely bearer of their favorite cognomen. But, "frailty thy name is woman," and alas! though they paced many a weary minute—each unconscious that the others were on a similar errand—the broad pavement of St. John's Park on the east, west, north, and south sides, no Mary came to tell her tale of love. How long they would have stayed we know not, but an accidental circumstance dispelled the delusion. One of the party, who concluded he must have mistaken the hour appointed, retired beneath a lamp to read the fair Mary's note again, under the influence of gas light. While thus engaged, a second happened to peep over his shoulder, and discovered, to his horror, that he was not the only one invited to meet the faithless Mary. "Dear me!" exclaimed gull number two, "have *you* a note also?" While he was putting the question, gulls number three to twelve came up, and an explanation took place, which terminated in their adjourning to "TOM RILEY'S," where each several note was read to the whole party, and after mutual condolences, and sundry resolutions dangerous to the bodily health of the hoaxer, should he be discovered, the meeting was adjourned *sine die*.

(The original notes referred to having accidentally fallen into our hands, we intend, after submitting them to "*The Girls Up Town*," to give them a place in our columns, as models of epistolary correspondence. Chesterfield and Mrs Chapone are thrown quite into the shade; nothing half so tender or pathetic has been indited since the time of Lot's wife.)

The Philadelphia lawyers have long been celebrated for their 'cuteness in bothering juries, and puzzling the poor devils in the witness box, and not unfrequently they say a good thing worthy of record. *Ecce signum*:—

"Well, B——," said a member of the bar to one of his school, "I have been trying to wade through your tragedy, but I could'nt get on."

"I dare say not," was the answer. "You found yourself *beyond your depth*."

"This is a miserable day," said another of the wrangling tribe to a professional friend, on one of the late raw and rainy mornings, "true November weather, it provokes one to suicide. I have a great mind to blow my brains out."

"Well—try it, you will be a glorious shot if you *hit* 'em," was the quick reply.

The statement in some of the daily papers, that a penny diurnal was paid $200 to decry the Hamblin Festival, is most absurd, a five dollar note, and an order on Sandy Welsh for a dinner having effectually "fixed the editor's flint."

"*The Literary*: a Miscellany for the Town," in a whity-brown cover, containing 48 small pages, is just out in foolscap uniform turned up with ink. Mr. Greene, the bookseller, stands sponsor for this child of thirty-six fathers, and the penny-a-liners compose the circle of its friends. We should not be surprised if this literary foundling emanated from the *center* of the *church*, although it is hardly *in-man* to disseminate knowledge in these days without *price* from one *townsend* to aother.

If the beastly and brutal outrage on the Editor of *The Herald*, as it is cooly narrated in the *New Era* of Friday, actually was committed, those who lately were instrumental in giving a benefit to Hamblin have every reason for "shame and confusion of face." Wood's conduct was fun to it. It is one, we allow, of those cases where the object of the brutality deserves no sympathy from men, but we feel not less keenly a sensation of disgust and loathing towards the perpetrator of the beastly violence.

JAMES H. CALDWELL, Esq.

The following sketch of this gentleman, the manager of the St. Charles theatre, New Orleans, will be read with interest.

ANOTHER PROJECT.—Mr. Caldwell, of New Orleans, not satisfied with owning all the theatres between the Falls of St. Anthony and the Balize, and managing three or four of them—with being the proprietor of a bank, and the largest bathing establishment in the Union—and with holding contracts for lighting three or four cities with gas, has a new project on foot it is said; to wit, the formation of an "Ocean Steam Company" for running a line of steam packets between New Orleans and Liverpool. While he is thinking about this he is amusing himself with a scheme for paving the streets of New Orleans with octagonal blocks of stone. N. Y. Commercial Adv.

Upon this hint, thus speaks the Boston Daily Centinel:—

The history of the gentleman whose name is the basis of the above paragraph, is somewhat singular and eventful. He was first introduced in this country in the year 1817, by the late Joseph George Holman, then manager of the Charleston, South Carolina Theatre. Prior to his appearance at Charleston he was a leading light comedian at Bath, Bristol and Manchester, but had not reached London. Mr. Holman made him a conspicuous man at his theatre in Charleston—he became popular with the people—quarrelled with the manager—got up a riot, which resulted in the destruction of the theatre—subsequently wounded Holman in a duel at Sullivan's Island—then appealed to the public, and took a triumphant benefit. Immediately after this affair, he married a lady of fortune in Fredericksburg, Virginia—became manager of the Virginia theatres—failed—migrated to New Orleans, and took possession of the American Theatre in that city—shortly afterwards took a contract to light the city with gas—realized a princely fortune—became a banker, and is now one of the principal lions of the day. He still plays the manager, and occasionally appears on his own stage. His rise and fortune are singularities in the history of the drama.

NOT A BAD ONE.—The immense figure of Lablache has caused not a little merriment to the country people, in the course of his musical tour, which, by the way, is represented as being very productive to the party of whom he forms one of the most prominent. On reaching Leicester the front wheels of the coach broke, and the coach itself turned completely over; the party inside consisting of Mademoiselle Assandri, Ivanhoff, and Lablache, were presently extricated from their situation, but on taking the latter out, the crowd assembled burst into a loud laugh, and he good-naturedly joined in the merriment, at the ridiculous figure he cut. At Leicester, it appears, the artists met with the Duke of Brunswick, who was proceeding to Manchester, and he offered Lablache a place in his carriage for the remainder of the journey, which was accepted. On the road the solemn imposing aspect of the great *basso* convinced the spectators that he was the royal personage. Whilst the horses were changing at Derby, an old woman deliberately approached the vehicle, and staring first at the Duke of Brunswick, and then at Lablache, she turned to the latter, and exclaimed with much bitterness, "No *wonder* the balloon *coomed* down with thy weight. Whoy did'st thee go up with Mrs. Graham, thee great hulk. Liverpool Journal.

SCENE AT THE POST OFFICE.—The following dialogue occurred at the post office in Philadelphia a short time since:

Sure, now, Misther, and here is a letter for Patty Ann Smith, (holding up the advertised letter board.)

Clerk—Is that your name? There are two for Smith.

Well, now, it's for me it is, and what's to pay?

Clerk—Ten cents.

Ten cints! and sure that's dear, and couldn't ye be after taking less?

Clerk—Oh, no, Uncle Sam never falls in his prices.

Sure, indeed! Jist step back and ask your uncle, seeing there's *two*, if I take 'em both, can't I have 'em for a sixpence a piece!

Sporting Intelligence.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

Match for $31,000!—Mr. WATSON, of Alabama, (Mr. Jas. Jackson's trainer), has proceeded to Alexandria, La., to prepare *Linnet* for her match with *Coahoma*. The match comes off on the 15th Dec., over the Rapides Course, and is for $10,000 a side, with $5,500 *bye!* making up the nice little sum of *Thirty-One Thousand Dollars!* Mr. W. took with him Mr. THOMAS KIRKMAN's ch. f. *Exile*, by Leviathan out of White Feathers, the winner of the three mile day, at the late Nashville races.

"*Carrying the War into Africa!*"—The stables of Col. ROBT. SMITH, of Murfreesboro', and of DUKE W. SUMNER, Esq., of near Nashville, Tenn., our special correspondent saw recently, on their way to Vicksburg, Miss., to which city many other strong stables are journeying, attracted by the brilliant prospects of booty and renown held out by the "Lynchers," who appear to be very clever fellows after all. As Col. CLAIBORNE, from Madisonville, with Col. BINGAMAN and WM. J. MINOR, Esq., from Natchez, will be there, in addition to a dozen other good men and true, with their stables, in the more immediate vicinity, our Tennessee friends will not make more than they can carry, off from the Mississippians.

The Trotting Match Against Time that was to have come off on the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, last Monday, was no go. The time allowed for its performance expired on that day, when it rained incessantly, and Mr. Brown accordingly paid forfeit. The match had been postponed in consequence of a domestic affliction of one of the parties.

"*Another Richmond in the Field.*"—Our proof-reader allowed *Scroggins* to to win the St. Leger, in one line of this paper last week, and we correct the error for fear Lord Lichfield and his friends might feel *uneasy* about the money they won, from the simple circumstance that the Judges gave the race to *Elis!*

Angora.—The Louisville (Ky.) Journal alludes to a report in circulation in Tennessee, of Angora's having been "doctored" on the night before her race with *Rodolph*. There is not the slightest ground for it, and we have the best authority for stating, that no report of the kind has been made, nor would it be credited in Tennessee, if it were. We learn from our correspondent that on the Saturday before the race, her trainer gave her a trial run of four miles, to test her speed and endurance; the first two miles she ran with *Lilac*, beating her by half a length, under 4m., carrying 97lbs., *with her shoes on*. It was afterwards thought proper to sweat her repeatedly, and the result was, that she was so weak after running in the mud two miles over a track excessively deep, that Rodolph, a strong, powerful horse, beat her in an exercise gallop.

Sweepstakes in Alabama.—The following are open for three year old colts and fillies, to be run over the Greensborough Course.—1st. Mile heats, sub. $300, h. ft. two or more to make a race; to come off on the 1st day of Spring meeting, 1837. 2d. Mile heats, sub. $500, h. ft., to come off on the 1st day of Fall meeting, 1837. The last one closes on the last day of the Spring meeting.

"*The Camp bells are coming!*"—We heard the other day from Capt. Y. N. OLIVER, who wrote from Fincastle, Va., that his stable was 200 miles ahead of him, on "their winding way" to New Orleans. He has Monmouth, Morris, Richard of York, and a 4 year old Charles colt, and will probably increase the number as he passes through the race horse region.

Atalanta and Arthur Taylor. OLIVER, late of Washington city, claims some credit for the performances of this fine mare, he having trained and run her last season, and most of the present, for Gov. SPRIGGS, of Md., who sold her to Capt. BRANCH. ARTHUR TAYLOR has had the handling of her lately, and we are free to confess our ignorance of her until the late campaign. One of the Baltimore editors says he bet against Col. JOHNSON's horses at their late races, from seeing Arthur with a new white hat! Before he left the North that same hat had seen service, and Atalanta had won never fading victories.

Post Boy has left Long Island for his winter quarters, at Red Hook. It is no fault of his that his Fall campaign terminated so disastrously. The twenty four miles he ran in eleven days, in the Spring, eight of them over a track fetlock deep, during a violent rain-storm, and four days only after his match with *Bascomb*, was enough to take "the go along" out of anything in the shape of horse flesh. The hard work he performed, had less effect upon him than the repeated blisterings, scourings, sweats and bedevilments, he had to undergo from his trainer. He was pretty thoroughly knocked up at Camden, but the *coup de grace* was given him at the late meeting on the Union Course, where he was so enfeebled, and out of condition, that he might have been beaten in a colt race.—He will receive every possible attention during the winter, and next Spring we trust will be himself again.

Mr. Stevens' Stud. JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq., closed his last campaign with a victory worthy of that achieved by *Dosoris* at the commencement. Dosoris won, on the Union Course, including his own stake, $15,000, in the Spring, and if *Fanny Wayatt's* (not Wyatt) brilliant achievement was less productive of "the Spoils," her own increased value will more than make amends; while "the vast renown she gained in conquering Richard," will be infinitely more gratifying to her spirited owner. Mr. Stevens has a large string of young ones coming forward, on Long Island, two or three of which are as promising as could be desired. *Clara Howard* joins *Black Maria*, *Cora* and *Floranthe*, in the breeding stud next season, and four finer mares it would be difficult to name.

Itasca, by Eclipse out of Betsey Ransom, was sold to SAMUEL BRADHURST, Esq., at the last meeting on the Union Course, and has since earned near half the purchase money. We are glad to hear she will not be turned out next Spring without a trial, she having been purchased for a brood mare. Itasca was bred by WALTER LIVINGSTON, Esq., on Long Island.

The fillies purchased by his brother in England, for JOHN G. WINTER, Esq., of Augusta, Geo., have arrived at his stable, as we learn from a letter from the latter gentleman. He says they arrived safely, excepting a slight injury received on their way from Charleston, by the car running off the rail road.—They are considered of very beautiful shape and fine action. South Carolina and Georgia are doing wonders for the improvement of the breed of horses.

Two year old Match.—The following match has been made, to come off in May next, over the Florence, (Ala.) Course: $1000 a side, one mile out, P. P., between

Col. Geo. Elliott's ch. f. *Sarah Bladen*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet, now 2 years.

Dr. Tate's b. f. ———, by Wild Bill, dam by Cripple, now 2 years.

O'Connell bought at last!—Mr. G. W. PARKER, of Gallatin, Tenn., has sold his gr. c. *Daniel O'Connell*, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam by Imp. Sir Harry, for $1200, to Col. ROBT. SMITH, of Murfreesboro', Tenn.

"*What's in a name?*"—Will any one inform us why *Fanny Wyatt's* name is spelled W-*a*-yatt? It is so spelled by the Secretary of the Eagle Course, in his printed cards, and he is a knowing one. *John Bascomb* is frequently spelled with a final *e*, and our Kentucky friends drop the *b* also:—*Bascom*. To us, this latter cutting down of the *kakolology* of the champion's good name, looks in print, marvellously like a hen out of it, with her tail feathers pulled out. The clergyman for whom Bascomb (as we invariably spell it), was named, spells his name *Bascombe*, we believe, and for anything we know, he might have spelled eggs with three *g*'s, or Quebec, thus: Quebeck. We go for Fanny Wyatt and Bascomb.

WM. T. PORTER, Esq. BALTIMORE, 13th Nov. 1836.

Sir,—I have always thought that the winning horse of a race should be placed at the head of the list, whereas in your last number (Union Course Races) you actually put "*Tom Moore*" the best nag at the foot, placing three *distanced* horses a-head of him, and in three other instances (same races) you misplace the winning horses.

Should I be wrong, pray excuse the liberty now taken, my only motive being to see the matter set right, which should always prevail in so important a publication as the "Spirit of the Times." Yours, respectfully, YORK.

Note by the Editor.—"York" will perceive on referring to the report alluded to, that it is "*official*"—drawn up and signed by the Secretary. Mr. BOTTS places the horses in the order in which they were entered, in contradistinction to the usual practice. If he will take the trouble to refer to our report of the same races, in the Spirit of the Times of the previous week, "York" will find them placed in the order in which they came in.

A CHALLENGE!

RODOLPH AGAINST JOHN BASCOMB:

Or, the Conqueror of the West and South West, against the Conqueror of the South and North.

The friends of RODOLPH in Lexington and its vicinity, propose to run him against JOHN BASCOMB, four mile heats, over the Kentucky Association Course, at Lexington, on Wednesday, the 3d week in May next, being the 21st, for $20,000 a-side, (a forfeit at the option of the owners of John Bascomb, not to exceed half, nor less than one fourth the amount.)—The race to be run by the rules of the Central Course in Maryland, and to be closed by depositing the forfeit in the Branch of the Bank of Kentucky in Lexington, by the 1st day of February, 1837.

The friends of *Rodolph* will pay the friends of *John Bascomb, One Thousand Dollars* to defray the expenses of his visit to Kentucky, win or lose.

If John Bascomb accepts the race, it is left at his option to close the match with Rodolph, or invite LINNET to enter on the same terms and make it a sweepstakes—provided the distance is brought down to 60 yards, if a sweepstakes, or remain at 140 yards if a match race.

If a sweepstakes is agreed to, notice is desired by the 1st of January, to give the friends of *Linnet* time to accept, if they wish, by the 1st Feb. 1837.

A notice addressed to THOMAS H. PINDELL, President of the Kentucky Association, will be sufficient to accept and close either of the above propositions.

To the owners and friends of JOHN BASCOMB.

Lexington, Ky., Nov. 1, 1836.

The above challenge "to the owners and friends of *John Bascomb*," has just reached us, in a letter from Lexington, and we have great pleasure in giving it a place. We hope it will be accepted, though as a sweepstakes has been proposed, and the nomination of *Linnet*, from Mississippi, invited, we should have liked it better had the friends of *Rodolph* made it open to the Union, even if no more "central course" than the Lexington suggested itself. There's no telling but *Fanny Wyatt* and *Mingo* might have been nominated by the North, to say nothing of *Post Boy*, the best son of Henry, though now under an Eclipse. Maryland's *Industry* would have been demonstrated, and the Old Dominion have drank success to her champion in a *Bumper*. Georgia would have sent a gallant *Hickory John*, with *Miss Medley*, while the coterie of *Lady Morgan* might have included a *Bay Maria* and other belles from South Carolina. *Coahoma*, with *Dick Chin*, headed by "Chancellor" *Polk*, would have bounded like *Antelopes* from Louisiana and Mississippi. The *Cassandra* of ancient days would not have blushed *Scarlett* at meeting *Talleyrand* of modern times, in a bower intertwined with the *Lilacs* of Tennessee, and the *Missletoe* boughs of Kentucky, even should the Indian *Wacousta* be discovered there in amorous dalliance with the fair *Hortense*.

BEPPO AGAINST THE WORLD!

Challenge for $1000 Renewed!

Beppo cannot recognize *Edwin Forrest's* reply last week in the "Spirit of the Times," as an acceptance of his challenge, he having expressly stipulated that the match (one mile and repeat, under the saddle,) should come off over the Centreville Trotting Course, Long Island. In order, however, to settle all disputes relative to the comparative merits of the various Trotting Horses in the United States, he is induced to renew the challenge in more general terms, viz.:—

BEPPO will trot a match, Mile heats, under the Saddle, for One Thousand Dollars, half forfeit, over the Centreville Trotting Course, Long Island, according to the rules of the Club, on any day of the ensuing week, (two days notice being given,) with *Edwin Forrest, Dutchman*, or *Lady Warrington*, or any other horse, mare or gelding in America: or, if a Sweepstakes is preferred, on the same terms *as above*, subscription $1000 each, h. ft., *Beppo* will start against either one or all of those named, and the same offer is open to any horse in the Union, without exception. Nov. 16, 1836.

TRENTON (N. J.) RACES--EAGLE COURSE.

Second Fall Meeting.

FIRST DAY, *Tuesday, Nov.* 8, 1836.—Purse, $200. 7 entries. Mile heats. Weights, 126—121—114—104—90 lbs.—3 lbs. to m.'s and g.'s.

James S. Garrison's b. f. *Virginia Fairfield*, by Timoleon, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs (*Reuben*)	4	1	1
H. A. Conover's Imp. br. h. *Flatterer*, by Muley, dam ——, 5 yrs	1	3	3
J. B. Kendall's c. f. *Mary Granville*, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke, 3 yrs	5	2	2
Danl. Abbott's c. f. *Aurelia*, by Lance, dam by Revenge, 4 yrs	2	4	dis.
Bond Willett's br. h. *Tranby*, by John Richards, dam by Hickory 5 yrs	3	5	dis.
Chas. Loyd's c. h. *Patriot*, by Barefoot, dam by Ratler, 5 yrs	6	6	dr.
N. S. Rue's grey colt by Medley, out of the dam of Oliver, 3 yrs	dis.		

Time, 1:51—1:50½—152½.

SECOND DAY, *Wednesday*.—Purse, $300. 4 entries. Two mile heats.

H. A. Conover's (R. L. Stevens) ch. h. *Tom Moore*, by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh, 5 yrs	1	1
Jos. H. Van Mater's c. f. *Lady Van Buren*, by Jackson, dam Lottery, by Expedition, 4 yrs	2	2
James S. Garrison's c. h. *Bremo*, by Industry, dam by Imp. Magic, 5 yrs	3	3
J. H. Holmes' br. h. *Stranger*, by Valentine, dam by Revenge, 5 yrs	4	4

Time, 3:51½—3:52.

This was a splendid and interesting race. The lead in the first heat was taken by Stranger, Tom Moore three or four lengths behind, Bremo and Lady Van Buren between. At about the half mile they all closed together; Tom Moore came out of the crowd a little a-head, Lady Van Buren on his quarter, and after a severe and *constant* brush for at least a mile and a quarter, Tom Moore beat out my Lady by 8 *inches*—the others nicely in the distance.

Second heat. Bremo having been the favorite at 10 to 8 before starting, was now despaired of, and the Lady was looked to as the only candidate for Tom Moore's laurels. She commenced the heat by a spirited dash for the pole, which she took, and mantained at a rapid and killing stride for a mile and a half, Tom making several brushes to get to her without effect, when at the last turn he lapped, and after a bitter and enduring struggle to the draw gate, he succeeded in passing and beating her out about half a length.

Immediately after the race, Mr. WILSON, of Virginia, purchased the filly at several round figures, and will no doubt "make a good thing of it."

THIRD DAY, *Thursday*.—This was the day upon which the great match between *Mingo* and *Post Boy* was to have come off; but as Post Boy had not yet appeared upon the ground, the presumption was that he would pay forfeit, and Mingo was in consequence entered for the

Citizens' Purse of $1000. Four mile heats. $300 to go to the 2d horse.

John C. Stevens' c. f. *Fanny Wayatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 3 yrs	1	1
S. Laird's (Gen. Irvine's) b. h. *Mingo*, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bet, by Ratler, 5 yrs	2	2
Carey Thomson's b. h. *Enceiro*, by Star, dam by Ball's Eagle, 5 yrs	3	4
James B. Kendall's br. m. *Camsidel*, by Industry, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs	4	3

Time, 7:50—7:53.

This was a glorious day; indeed, during the previous days we had been especially favored with a warm and enlivening sun; but to-day it seemed more brilliant, as if anticipating the exploits of these celebrated racers. The concourse of people was immense—the cars from Philadelphia and New York landing their cumbrous loads nearly upon the track, and as a matter of course, all Jersey and the Pines were there. The ladies, too, made an unusually cheering display; their presence at the Eagle Course always gives a great zest to the sports. May they always be there to see.

A little before 12 o'clock the nags appeared upon the ground, and stripped. Mingo looked very fine—not so low as when he last ran—but his coat looked better. Fanny Wyatt seemed sufficiently reduced, but what flesh she had was firm. Camsidel and Enceiro both in high spirits and good condition. They looked at least like having a chance for the second purse. The odds, after showing the horses, reduced from 2 to 1 to 100 to 80 on Mingo against the field.

The start was beautiful. The "little Trifle" filly took the lead, running nearly a length a-head, Mingo and the others in a crowd behind, each leading a little to set the others a-going; but they fought shy until the last half mile, when Mingo went up to the work, and collared the filly. A shout now raised, "He's got her!" "No!" "Yes!" "No!" round the turn together, noses straightened, and steel at work. They come to the gates together—the filly takes it and passes the stand half a length a-head.

☞ The time reported by R. L. STEVENS, Esq., was 7:50, but several others made it 7:48; and as we noted his time in the other races, shall assume it as correct in this.

Second heat. The odds now were 100 to 50 on the filly against the field, and not much taken. Even bets were largely taken on Enceiro against Mingo, Virginia rules, which, by the way, we think should be everywhere adopted.

The start good. Camsidel, who had only just dropped in her distance, now commenced doing the "cutting out," and led off about three or four lengths clear, Mingo occasionally 2d and 3d. For three miles and a half the brown mare was "doing it up," when the filly brushed for the pole, Mingo close at her; it was sharp, very sharp work to get by, but they did it, head and head; at the last turn the filly took the track clear. The rush down the straight side was tremendous, the interest intense, when Mingo desperately pushed up on *the inside*, necked the filly, and waited only *one crack* of the *whip*, and *one shout* to encourage him, but not getting it, was beaten out by 8 inches. It was close work, in 7:53. Here was no falling off worth talking about, and if it establishes the fact, that Fanny Wyatt is the best filly in the world, it brings to Mingo imperishable renown. That mooted point with some persons, as to his game, is for ever settled, and his spirited owner will no doubt hold him in readiness for another combat with the fleetest and the stoutest. For little "Fanny" we cannot say enough—she stands "alone in her glory."

Same Day.—After the above, came off a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, mile heats. Sub. $300 each, and $100 added by Proprietors.

James B. Kendall's ch. f. *Mary Granville*, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke	3	1	1
D. Kelly's b. f. *Julia Montgomery*, by Eclipse, out of Wren	2	2	2
N. S. Rue's gr. c. by Medley	1	3	dr.

Time, 1:53—1:53—1:55.

FOURTH DAY—*Friday*.—Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5; 2 entries

Mr. S. Bradhurst's b. f. *Rasca*, by Eclipse, out of Betsey Ransom, 4 yrs	1	1	1
Samuel Laird's Chesnut Colt, by Mark Richards, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs	2	2	2

Time, 1st heat, 1:57—2d, 2:3—3d, 2:7

TROTTING--EAGLE COURSE.

Second Fall Meeting, 1836.

TUESDAY, Nov. 8.—Purse $100, Two mile heats, under the saddle, free for horses that never won that amount.

Mr. C. S. Bartine's ch. g. *Richard III*	1	2	1
Mr. Woodruff's d. g. *Spartacus*	2	1	2
Mr. Weaver's b. g. *Calhoun**	3	dr.	

Time, 5:47—5:43—5:50. *Calhoun lost a shoe and was drawn.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 9.—Purse $200, Three mile heats, in harness.

Geo. Spicer's gr. g. *Washington*	1	1
C. W. Keysey's b. g. *Apology*	2	2
C. S. Bartine's ch. g. *Richard III*	3	dis.

Time, 8:44—8:30.

THURSDAY, Nov. 10.—Purse $200, Two mile heats, under the saddle.

J. Weaver's bl. h. *Jackson*	1	1
G. Spicer's b. g. *Columbus*	2	2
J. Conklin's br. g. *Locomotive*	3	3

Time, 5:27—5:29.

FRIDAY, Nov. 11.—Great Trotting Sweepstakes, sub. $500 each, ft. $200, 5 subs., Three mile heats, under the saddle.

Mr. W. Tyson's gr. m. *Lady Warrington* (*Peter Wheelan*)	2	1	1
Mr. W. Whelan's b. g. *Dutchman* (*Wm. Wheelan*)	1	2	2
Mr. C. S. Bartine's bl. g. *Norman Leslie*	3	3	dis.
Mr. G. Spicer's b. g. *Columbus*	pd. ft.		
Mr. P. Whelan's ch. g. *Team Boat*	pd. ft.		

Time, 8:5—8:17—8:19. Winner carried 8lbs. over weight, i. e. 154lbs.

This sweepstake having been long talked of, and made up several weeks since, had created a wonderful deal of excitement in the trotting circle, and the betting was heavy until the nags came upon the ground, when it had turned as high as 100 to 100 on Dutchman against the field. The grey mare was very fine, and her condition was highly complimentary to her trainer, Harvey Richards, a broth of a boy in his line. It had been agreed that as Team Boat would not go, to put P. Whelan on the mare, and let him battle the watch against that knowing one, his brother Bill. Peter knew his jokes and how to take them.

First heat.—Norman Leslie led off, grey mare next, and Dutchman working easy behind for a mile, when he took up the business, and on the straight side, lapped the mare at the stand, outside. Peter shouted to Bill, "Don't crowd me!" and immediately the mare broke up and dropped behind several lengths. She afterwards made a desperate rally—nearly regained her station, and came lapped with Dutchman. There was great dissatisfaction manifested by the party that had taken the odds, and a complaint made of the crowding alluded to. The judges, after listening to both sides, and examining for themselves, gave the heat to Dutchman.

Second heat.—The odds were not now so great, as it was manifest that the grey mare had the foot, and her condition told well for her bottom. She took the track, and a beautiful struggle ensued, when Dutchman would come to her hip. She held him to it so severe as to beat him out about two lengths. Dutchman broke just back of the score. The shouting made the very stand tremble at the result of this heat.

Third heat.—The mare again off first, and keeping the steady work she had kept before, Dutchman (I think) never could get to her. She won the heat and money in 8:19.

That evening Dutchman was backed against her for $1000 aside, to trot the same distance on Thursday, 24th instant, at the Hunting Park Course.

We began and ended our racing and trotting with the best weather, the best performances, the best attendance, and the greatest good humor, which we shall be most thankful for on future occasions. Truly your friend, L.

FORT SMITH (Arks.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

"N." sends us the annexed report of their races, in a letter dated Little Rock, 24th Oct. The weights, we presume, correspond with those carried over the Batesville Course:—3 yrs. 80—4, 94—5, 106—6, 112—aged, 120 lbs.

FIRST DAY, *Wednesday*, 28th Sept., 1836.—Purse, $200. Mile heats.

Col. Elias Rector's b. h. *Metamora*, by Botts' Lafayette, dam Nettletop, by Trafalgar, 4 yrs.	2	1
Col. John McGorrah's g. c. by Tecumseh	1	dis.
Capt. John Rogers' b. h. *Tom Tough*	3	dis.

Time, 2:5—2:7.

Track heavy.—Metamora in training only 14 days; he lost the first heat by the negligence of his rider, and distanced the field in the second heat, under a hard pull. Tom Tough out of order. Great excitement—brisk betting. Whisperings that Metamora is open to run against any thing that wears hair.

THURSDAY.—Purse, $300. Two mile heats.

Col. Dellord's b. h. *Cherokee*, by Cherokee, 4 yrs	walked over

FRIDAY.—Purse, $150. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jas. Scott's b. g. *Henry Surat*, 6 yrs	1	1
Capt. Duvall's s. h. by Diomede, 5 yrs	2	bolted.
Wm. Fleming's b. m. *Prairie-hen*, by Sumpter, 5 yrs	bolted.	

Time, 1st heat, 2:5. 2d heat no time kept.

Crusader died a short time since; his death was very sudden. He ate heartily at night, and was found dead in the stable in the morning. As there was no post mortem examination, the cause of his death is unknown. *Greyhound*, a horse of some racing fame in Arkansas, the property of Gov. Conway, kicked the bucket a week or two ago. I much regret that *Bill Gordon*, the property of Maj. RECTOR, of the U. S. Army, has become seriously injured in training. I think by proper treatment he will recover, though it will require much rest. The tendons of his fore-legs are at present much inflamed and swollen. He is a noble animal, and his owner a choice specimen of Southern chivalry.

There are some pretty little matches for $1000 a-side talked of. I think from the way the physic is working they will take place.

The way to beat a *Faro Bank*—as practised by ——, a distinguished member of our Legislature: bring in *beef bones* for the *pure usury*—keep your eye skinned, and at a good time *pay in*, and then break for timber. This trick was only prevented by the indefatigable member from Pike, moving the previous question, which compelled a *show*, and as he is known to be well versed in the science of bones, the house sustained him in the call, whereupon the introducer of the *beef bones, slunk*, and "sorter sloped off gradually like."

I think *Bay Martha* and Loring's *Bill* will be matched. Some talk of Capt. Boone and Martha running a single dash of a mile for $500. In haste,

Truly yours, N.

FLORENCE (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Our Special Correspondent sends the following report:—

FIRST DAY, Oct. 26, 1836.—Purse $450; ent. money, $50 each, added. Three mile heats.

James Jackson's gr. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana, by Pacolet, 3 yrs	walked over.

SECOND DAY.—Purse $300; ent. $30 each, added. Two mile heats, best 3 in 5.

James Jackson's (Kirkman & Dickinson's) ch. c. *Wacousta*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	1	1	1
C. Cheatham's ch. c. *Oseola*, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	2	2	2

Time, 4:5—4:1—4:6.

A very pretty race. Oseola had only been taken up a short time, and was indifferently ridden, while the veteran Lee jockied Wacousta.

THIRD DAY.—Mile heats, best 3 in 5. [Result not received; but our correspondent writes that it was presumed something in Mr. Jackson's stable would walk over for the Purse. Several stables which might have contended for the different purses were engaged on the same days at other tracks in the vicinity—the [illegible] coming off in the same week. The Florence Course is anything but a "soft place," and one certainty is better than two doubtful chances in racing].

DECATUR (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

FIRST DAY, Oct. 26, 1836.—Purse $200; ent. money, $30 each, added. Two mile heats.

Col. J. Lane's br. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Thaddeus, 4 years, 97 lbs	1	1
Richard Pryor's ch. h. by Sir Charles, dam by Constitution, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	2	dis.

Time, 4:10—4:11.

Our special reporter writes that Col. Lane's filly won with great ease. He bought her for a mere song, ($500). She does infinite credit to her sire, being of fine size and shape, and uncommonly promising.

SECOND DAY.—Purse $150; ent. $20 each, added. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Nathl. Terry's ch. f. by Stockholder, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	1	
N. Davies' ch. f. by Gift, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs., 97 lbs	dis.	

Time, 1:52. No contest.

THIRD DAY.—Purse $150; ent. $20 each, added. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Nicholas Davies' ro. f. by Count Badger, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs. 83 lbs	1	1	1
Gen. Garth's br. c. by Editor, dam by Whip, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	2	2	2

Time, 2:2—2:0—2:4. A capital race.

WARRENTON (N. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

We are indebted to the "Reporter" for the details annexed, of the Fall meeting of this Club. The date when the races commenced is unknown to us; we think, however, they came off the 4th week in Oct. The weights are for 3 year olds, 86 lbs—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124, with 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings.

FIRST DAY, Oct. 1836.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Sub., $100, h. ft.

Jas. Williamson's s. f. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Harry	1	1
P. R. Davis's g. f. by Eclipse, dam by Director	3	2
Wm. McNears' b. c. by Eclipse	2	dist.

Time, 2:0—1:56½.

Second Race, same day.—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, feather weights. Sub. $300, P. P. 3 subs.

Gen. M. T. Hawkins' b. c. *Champion*, by Eclipse, d. by Sir Archie	1	1
Nathaniel T. Green's c. by Hedgford, dam by Washington	2	2

Time, 2:0—2:5.

SECOND DAY.—Proprietor's Purse, $200. Two mile heats.

Wm. M. West's ch. g. *Isham Puckett*, by Arab, dam by Shawnee, 6 yrs	2	1	1
John C. Goode's b. m. *Lady Bitter*, by Marion, dam by Truxton, 4 yrs	3	3	2
Edmund Townes' b. m. by Hyazim, dam by Shylock, 4 yrs	1	2	dr.
John C. Claiborne's ch. c. *Genito*, by Eclipse, dam by Packingham, 3 yrs	4	dis.	

Time, 4:1—4:2—4:9½.

THIRD DAY.—Jockey Club Purse, $500. Three mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. m. *Sally Eubanks* by Roanoke, dam by Contention, 6 yrs	1	1
John C. Claiborne's ch. h. *Speculation*, by Medley, dam by Madison, 4 yrs	4	2
John C. Goode's b. h. *Tuskeno*, by Mons. Tonson, dam Cr. Kate, by Sir Archie, 6 yrs	3	3
Wm. M. West's b. c. *Buck Williamson*, by Veto, dam unknown, 3 y	2	dis.

Time, 6:14—6:4.

FOURTH DAY.—Handicap, for the balance of the Jockey Club Tickets, and the entrance money for the day. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

John C. Goode's b. m. *Lady Bitter*, by Marion, dam by Truxton, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	3	4	1	1	1
John C. Claiborne's b. c. *Walter*, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	4	1	2	dr.	
Wm. McCargo's g. h. *Tolier*, by Imp. Truffle, dam by Tayloe's Old Peacemaker, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	2	3	3	dr.	
Wm. M. West's b. h. *Kinloch*, by Marion, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	1	2	dr.		

Time, 2:0—2:0—1:59—2:3.

NEWMARKET (Va.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

FIRST DAY, Oct. 11, 1836.—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts, 86 lbs., fillies, 83 lbs. Sub., $200. Two mile heats.

Wm. Wynn's ch. f. by Sir Charles	1	1
Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. by Sir Charles	4	2
Wm. McCargo's b. c. by Eclipse	5	3
O. P. Hare's Marion filly, by Sir Archie	2	dis.
Ed. Scott's ch. c. by Sir Charles	3	dis.

Time, 3:59—3:57.

SECOND DAY.—Proprietor's Purse, $300. Two mile heats.

Wm. Williamson's ch. c. by Timoleon, (dam not given,) 3 yrs. 86 lbs	1	1
Wm. H. Minge's b. h. *Nick Biddle*, by Timoleon, out of Jas. Cropper's dam, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	3	2
O. P. Hare's br. m. *Mary Archie*, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	2	3
Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. *Juliana*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs. 107 lbs	4	4
J. P. Corbin's ch. h. *John Floyd*, by Mons. Tonson, (dam and age unknown to us,)	5	5
W. G. Colquhoun's ch. f. by Henry, (dam and age unknown to us,)	dis.	

Time, 4:1—4:0.

THIRD DAY.—Jockey Club Purse, $700, ent., $20. Four mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's gr. h. *Daniel*, by Medley, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	1	3	1
James S. Garrison's ch. f. *Agnes Nicholson*, by Mons. Tonson, (dam not given,) 4 yrs. 97 lbs	4	1	2
J. P. Corbin's ch. h. *Paul Jones*, by Washington, dam by Napoleon, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	2	5	3
Richard Adams' ch. h. *Merchant*, by Sir Charles, (dam and age not given,)	3	2	dr.
Geo. Goodwynn's ch. h. *Pembroke*, by Merchant, (dam not given,) 4 yrs. 100 lbs	5	4	dis.
O. P. Hare's b. h. *Spartacus*, by Sir Charles, dam by Arab, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	dis.		

Time, 8:34—8:23—8:32.

So far as they are given at all, we have supplied in the above report not only the color, age, and weight carried, but the dams and sires of the entries. If Mr. Williamson will send us the pedigree of his Timoleon colt, we shall be glad to give it in our Table of Winning Horses, at the close of this volume. Several of his colts and fillies that have won this season are reported without the names of their dams being given; he will oblige us, and perhaps do his young stock a service, by supplying the omission. Other gentlemen, whose stock is similarly circumstanced, through the negligence of the clerks of courses, we hope will see the advantage of complying with the request above.

Sporting Varieties.

AMERICAN TROTTING HORSE CONFIDENCE

The London "Sportsman" for October gives the annexed account of the well known trotting horse *Confidence*, to which the editor adds several interesting facts respecting the famous English trotting mare *Phenomena*. It will be read with interest here, as Confidence, within a few months, trotted over the Centreville Course, Long Island, with *Dutchman* and *Fanny Pullen*, and was beaten by the former in two heats of as many miles, in 5:18½—5:17½, in harness.

* * * * * I found "The celebrated American Trotting horse *Confidence*," in one of the boxes; but prior to this period I had embraced an opportunity of seeing the horse go. To the indifferent or superficial observer, no indications of this animal's superior powers might appear; while to the eye of the adept in such matters, the posterior sweep, and indeed a general correspondence in the principles of power and speed, becomes immediately apparent. Confidence is a bay, with black legs, beautifully flat, but upon the lower part of which a few windgalls were observable; the near foot behind, white; from standing up to him, I judged his height nearly fifteen two; he is rather "sour about the head." Confidence is a different style of horse from Tom Thumb and Rattler; the latter originated from the Spanish Genet; while the former is indebted to some of the importations into America of high breed from this country, for that nobly thoroughbred appearance which he presents. It was stated that he can trot a mile in two minutes and a half, and I feel no difficulty in believing the assertion, as his form of going would seem to indicate such extraordinary speed. Confidence goes "near enough to kiss a sixpence before him"—such must necessarily be the case with every fleet horse, either in the trot or gallop; horses whose action is lofty may be safe goers, but can never be fleet. Confidence has no doubt been used to the trot, and to no other pace—at least never allowed to canter or gallop; so that, like Tom Thumb and Rattler, however he may be pressed on, or forward, he never breaks.

Confidence is supposed to be the fastest horse ever seen in America,* and was purchased for the late Duke of Gordon at a very high figure; Mr. R. Tattersall assures me in the rostrum, that the expense of this horse, sulky and harness included, amounted to six hundred pounds. He sold from the hammer on this occasion at two hundred and sixty-five guineas.

The late Duke of Gordon manifested through life an extraordinary attachment to the trotter: when Marquis of Huntley, he might be almost daily observed, during the season, in Hyde Park, mounted upon a very fine trotter, and followed by two grooms on nags of a similar description.

The trot is a long established favorite pace on the other side of the Atlantic; but it is doubtful if the Americans have ever produced a trotter equal to our celebrated Phenomena. This extraordinary mare was bred by Sir Edward Astley, Bart., at his residence, Melton Constable, in the county of Norfolk. She was foaled in May, 1788. We are told her dam was a half-bred mare, a term which generally implies as nearly thorough-bred as possible; her sire is not known; however, that Phenomena was very highly bred if not absolute full blood, I entertain not a shadow of doubt; none of the lower varieties or classes of her tribe could have accomplished her uncommon performances. In May, 1800, when twelve years old, she was matched by her proprietor, Mr. Joseph Robson of Little Britain, to trot seventeen miles within one hour, which she performed in July following, on the road between Cambridge and Huntingdon, in fifty-six minutes, carrying a feather, betting in favor of time eight to one. So very extraordinary did the performance appear, that many persons could not persuade themselves to believe it had been fairly accomplished, and large bets were offered that she could not repeat it. Mr. Robson accepted the challenge, and, within a month after, she again trotted this distance of seventeen miles in a few seconds under fifty-three minutes! This was for a bet of four hundred pounds to one hundred pounds. Previous to this event she had been matched to trot nineteen miles within the hour for a bet of two hundred guineas to one hundred; but on her winning the match with such ease, the opposite party thought proper to forfeit.

Mr. Robson then offered to trot her at high odds *nineteen miles and a half in one hour*; but no person would accede to the proposal, in consequence of its having been ascertained by several stop watches, that during her last match she accomplished four miles under eleven minutes, so that scarcely a doubt can be entertained that this extraordinary animal could have trotted twenty miles within the hour, a feat never performed by the very best American trotter or indeed by any other horse.

Phenomena was grievously neglected after astonishing the world by performances which will perhaps remain for ever unequaled; and became so much reduced, that in 1810 she was offered for sale, and *seven pounds only* demanded as the price! Better fortune awaited her. In 1811, when twenty-three years old, Phenomena trotted nine miles in twenty-eight minutes and a half. Within six months after this event, being in the possession of Mr. Boswell, she won four extraordinary matches in one day. In her twenty-sixth year she became the property of Sir R. C. Daniel, who succeeded in bringing her into high condition in the course of a few months, when she still retained her fine form, and appeared fresh and clean in her legs, a striking proof, not only of her excellent constitution, but of her high breeding also. Phenomena was nearly fifteen hands high, dark brown color.

Tattersall's stables contained a great number of superior nags, and, amongst the rest, "Zulema, by Sir John Malcolm's Arabian, Sultan, out of an Arabian mare," a light gray; like most of her class, she was playful, but not vicious. She was purchased by my worthy friend, Andrew Ducrow, in his style of equestrianism the best and most accomplished performer that ever appeared in the arena, and she came into his possession at a very moderate figure, forty-five guineas. T. B. J.

* We fear somebody has humbugged John Bull. Confidence may be "*reported* to be the fastest horse ever seen in America," but Edwin Forrest, Lady Warrington, Dutchman, Beppo, Fire King, and half a dozen others, think differently. He is only *one* of the fastest horses ever seen in this country. He never trotted a mile in 2:30, nor 20 within the hour.—*Ed Spirit of the Times*

A "SPORTING CHARACTER."

His Royal Highness the late Duke of Cumberland.—He was one of the first sportsmen, and greatest characters, that this or any other country has produced. He was the uncle of his present Majesty, and as a commander, a sportsman, and a man,

"Take him for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again:"

For he was formed in "nature's nicest mould," that the world might be taught to estimate perfection. Under the influence of his counsel, under the weight of his personal exertions, that monster rebellion was subdued, beyond the power of renovation, and the British nation relieved from a state of anxiety, to which, by the restless ambition of its neighbors, it had been so long compulsively subjected. Rewarded by his sovereign, by the representatives of the people, and by the citizens of London, he retired from the field of war and the faction of politics, to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of domestic comfort, at the lodge in Windsor Great Park, of which he had some years before been appointed ranger. Here he engaged in all the attracting pleasures of rural life; established his stud and breeding stock, and, with a porton of liberality equal (or superior) to the grateful munificence of a generous people, retained and employed in usefullabor, a greater number of industrious poor then, perhaps, ever was, or may be seen again within the park or forest of Windsor. To his indefatigable exertions the present generation stands indebted for the various judicious crosses that have brought the breed of blood horses to such a state of unprecedented perfection; and the origin of all the most valuable stallions now in the kingdom, center in the combination of his own efforts to produce priority. *Crab*, *Marsh*, *Herod*, and *Eclipse*, were amongst the most celebrated of his own breed; to which were annexed a very long list of progeny, that by his death and the "fascinating flourish of the hammer," were "scattered to all the winds of heaven." *Marsh* fell to the possession of Lord Abingdon, where he continued till his death—*Eclipse* first to Wildman, then *pari passu equalis* with O'Kelly, and lastly to O'Kelly *solus*—as did the little famous horse *Milksop*, the then first give-and-take horse in the kingdom; he was thus named by his Royal Highness, in consequence of his dam's taking fright at him as soon as he was foaled, and never could be brought to any association; so that he was literally brought up by hand. *Eclipse* also derived his appellation from the circumstance of being brought forth during the great eclipse, or real "darkness visible."

His Royal Highness, in his first efforts for superiority, felt the mortification that every liberal mind must be subject to when surrounded by the most voracious sharks of every description. The family of the Greeks were then, as now, exceedingly numerous, and to its various branches his Royal Highness was for a considerable time, most implicitly subservient; but as soon as it was possible for him to shake off the effects of the embarkation, and time had enabled him to produce stock of his own breed, and that breed formed upon his well-improved judgment, he took the lead, and, in a very few years, totally defeated every idea of competition. He had, at the unexpected hour of his death, not only the most pure, perfect, and correct, but the most valuable stud of horses in his possession of any subject of the king's dominions; and his loss was considered as a still greater check to the sporting world, as it happened just at the moment when the turf and its enjoyment had acquired the meridian of popularity; it was the influenza of the day, to whose infection fresh objects were eternally becoming subsubject, and to which fashionable fascination the death of so great and so good a promoter, gave an instantaneous obstruction.

Amongst the numerous improvements incessantly carrying on in and near his delightful residence, the race course at Ascot seemed to be the most favorite and predominant object of pursuit; laying claim to every care and attention that could possibly constitute a scene of the greatest and most unsullied brilliancy. This the hand of Providence (as the first object of his heart) spared him long enough to see complete: but just at the moment of exultation, when loaded with the grateful caresses of an idolizing multitude, and when absolutely arranging the business of a Spring and Autumn meeting at Ascot, to vie in some degree with the sport of Newmarket, and when the whole county resounded with unprecedented plaudits, the all-wise and dispensing power, to whose dictates we must piously submit, dropped the curtain of death upon such a life, such an accumulation of good will and charitable practice to all mankind, that it is but little imitated, never can be excelled! In the happy retrospection of which one admonition naturally presents itself for the rumination of every contemplatist of human excellence—"Go thou and do likewise." The London Sportsman.

REQUISITES FOR GROUSE-SHOOTING.

Grouse-shooting is glorious sport! but it is not seldom that it is alloyed by the disappointment consequent upon an unreasonable expectation of success: or by the absence of some trifle necessary to the shooter's comfort, which a little forethought would have provided. The first requisite for a grouse-shooter is patience: the next, a determination to make himself comfortable under any circumstances—to be content with any luck—to put up with any inconveniences: the third, circumspection, or a sufficient degree of foresight to provide a suitable equipment before leaving home, for if his accoutrements and apparatus be not complete on his arrival at shooting quarters, the probability is that they cannot then be made so. Furthermore, let his expectations of sport be moderate; let him not be too sanguine, and if he do not kill many birds, he will at least not meet with disappointment. Let him not envy the success of his more fortunate rivals; let him not fall into the *cockney* error of supposing that killing game alone constitutes sport. A moment's consideration will convince him that the grouse-shooter in August, and the cock-shooter in December, are not induced to toil by the pleasure they experience in merely slaughtering birds. If it were so, they would take equal delight in shooting pigeons from the trap; but pigeon-shooters are a very different class of persons from grouse-shooters. Pigeon shooting is generally a betting speculation. The shooter who traverses the heathery wilderness, the warm valley, the clough, the glen, the brake, and the covert in turn, has, though he may not be aware of the extent of it, a community of feeling with the objects around him, which irresistibly lead him on. He feels a thousand undefinable associations with the country he traverses—a thousand sympathies which he cannot express, but cannot all conceal," "where rise the mountains and they are friends," "the hills are unto him companionship," and "the sounding cataract haunts him like a passion!"

Some tact is required in choosing the ground to be beaten for Grouse. It is nearly useless to beat the whole of a Moor.—The flight of a grouse is generally about half a mile. A grouse will drop suddenly, when out of sight of the shooter, on some hill-side, perhaps forty or fifty yards from the highest part. Nine times out of ten the grouse alights on a hill-side slanting from the shooter, or in other words, on that side of the hill, or ridge, or sloping ground which is farthest from the shooter. It is useless to beat the whole of a moor; the shooter's time will be much better occupied in traversing the ground over again and again, assuming he know how to choose his ground. When beating a moor with which he is totally unacquainted, the best thing he can do is to walk along the brow or side of a hill, (for nearly all moorsare either mountainous, or broken, uneven ground), keeping about forty yards from the highest part. Could he submit to the monotonous task the grouse-shooter would much sooner fill his bird-bag by walking to and fro on one patch of land (provided he know how to select it), than by rambling at random over every part of the moor. The style of ground to choose would be a ridge, not steep, of land, something in the form of a hog's back, about a mile in length. The shooter should start, as it were, from the head of the animal, walk over one shoulder blade, and so continue along the upper part of the ribs, coming round by the tail, and along the other side, to where he set out from. When there are a great number of sportsmen abroad, this is decidedly the best way of going to work. Not only broods but single birds alight more frequently in such a situation than in any other. Much time is lost in beating flats, and the extreme heights of hills and ridges. The side under the wind of such a ridge of land as just described, which has a pretty good covering of young heath, is the very best beat that can be recommended, care being taken to keep within fifty yards from where the declivity commences.

Oakleigh's Shooting Code, just published in London.

THE FINE OLD SPORTING GENTLEMAN.

I'll sing you a fine old sporting song,
Made by a sporting pate,
Of a fine old sporting gentleman,
Who had no great estate,
But who kept up his small cottage
At a bountiful old rate,
With a fine old fox-hound from the squire,
That lay before his gate,
Like a fine Old Sporting Gentleman,
One of the olden time.

His room, tho' small, was hung around
With pictures of the chase,
And St. Leger's and "Brummagems."
He had used in many a race;
And here this sportsman sat at ease,
In his old accustomed place,
And quaffed his glass of "cold without,"
To cheer his fine old face,
Like a fine Old Sporting Gentleman,
One of the olden time.

When Winter's gale brought snow and hail,
His door he open'd wide,
To welcome every traveller
That near his gate might ride:
Nor was the helpless mendicant
E'er food or rest denied;
For though his means were small indeed,
He'd freely all divide,
Like a fine Old Sporting Gentleman,
One of the olden time.

But life, though sweet, does swiftly fleet,
And time roll'd o'er his head;
Until, with weight of years born down,
His spirit from him fled:
Then to his door, with heavy heart,
Full many a neighbor sped;
And o'er his bier, with grief sincere,
The tears of friendship shed,
For this fine Old Sporting Gentleman,
One of the olden time. C. P. T.

London (New) Sporting Mazazine, for October, 1836.

SPORTING DECISIONS.

Bell's Life in London makes the following answers to the queries of its correspondents:—

Did Dr. Franklin, the philosopher, ever cross from France to England in a balloon?—No.

Morris Birbeck failed in his Illinois speculation, and we believe is dead.

There is no law to prevent the officers, or widows of officers, in the service of the East India Company, mounting cockades in their servants' hats.

The Game Chicken was in height about 5 ft. 9 in.; we do not know his weight.

A militia officer is not necessarily entitled to the freedom of the city—but to take up the freedom to follow a trade or profession, will cost about £30.

It was Smith, and not Adams, who beat Swift in his first fight in the P. R. This does not alter the fact that he was beaten before he fought, and was beaten by Lane.

The Bedouin Arabs throw two somersets before they reach the ground.

We cannot state who is the wealthiest man in the kingdom. We believe the Duke of Sutherland and the Marquis of Westminster rank at the top of the tree.

It is not correct to call a man "a laundress," any more than it would be to call a tailor "a sempstress."

In cutting the cards at All Fours, the cards rank as at Whist, and in this respect the ace is the lowest.

Let T. S. C., jun., consult Forsyth's Dictionary of Diet, and the 1st vol. of Boxiana for hints on training.

Four horses were placed for the Doncaster St. Leger last year.

Daniel Lambert weighed 52 st. 10 lbs.

At nine pins, if all the pins are knocked off the frame at once—although one may accidentally stand behind the frame, they are all considered down.

At put, your adversary's mistake is your game. A playing a deuce instead of a tray loses a leg.

Mammoths were extinct when Noah built his ark, consequently he was unable to procure a cock and hen of that species, on the embarkation of his household.

The letter came, but "the partridges" have not. We have, therefore, to thank the "crack shot" for "nothing."

At Whist, A leads a card; C says, "There is the only trump and remaining spades in order," and exposes his hand before B has played. B calls a spade. Can he or not?—He can.

A and B play C and D at Whist; A asks C to deal for him; C does so, and makes a misdeal. Does A lose the deal in Consequence?—Yes.

At single All Fours, A deals and turns up seven of diamonds; B begs: A gives cards, and turns up Jack of diamonds. Can A claim Jack?—Yes.

Mr. Osbaldiston was 8 hours 42 minutes in performing his match of 200 miles.

Did Velocipede run with the Colonel for the Doncaster St. Leger?—Yes.

St. Giles was the first favorite for the Derby on the day of starting.

Matilda won the Doncaster St. Leger in 1827—Robinson rode her; and Mameluke was second.

There is no printed law making the Derby, or any other race, play or pay.

If the nominator of a horse for the Derby die the bets are void.

Horses are named for the St. Leger when they are 3 years old, by the Newmarket law, viz., the 1st of January. At a few places they still take their age from the 1st of May.

Eleven horses ran for the St. Leger last year.

Grand Match at Single Stick for 100l. a-side.

A match of single stick was played on the 10th of Sept., in a private garden, in Shepton Mallet, between Mr. Printer and Mr. Clerk, two gentlemen of the town, a first blood, for 100l a-side. About five o'clock in the afternoon the parties assembled with their private friends, when the belligerents immediately commenced peeling. Clerk approached his antagonist very cautiously, who showed more confidence. A considerable degree of caution and science was observed on each side, but at length Printer made play, but fell short. Clerk immediately struck out, but was beautifully stopped by Printer. Counter hits succeeded with tremendous force, when Printer made a short retreat, which Clerk did not care to follow up. Printer advanced, but seemed determined not to make first play. Clerk made a feint, and attempted to hit on Printer's cannister, but it was no go; a slashing rally succeeded, and ended the bout.

Round 2. Clerk came to the scratch apparently more determined, and the better for the heating in the first round. Printer seemed more cautious, and eyed his customer with anything but a pleasant look. Clerk made play at every point, but Printer was with him, although Clerk's cudgel was on visiting terms with Printer's thighs, ribs, and arms, in rapid succession. Printer did not appear to relish these visitations, and made a tremendous hit at Clerk's knowledge box, which the latter just saved, reminding Printer of the compliment with a visit to his crown. The play now became very interesting; both parties showed game and science rarely to be met with, and the betting between the friends of the players was equal. Printer stood for an attack, which Clerk was not backward in making. The cudgels were flying in every direction, but both parties were so quick in their stops that the blows could not tell; a rally concluded the round.

Round 3. Clerk very determined; Printer seemed to entertain serious doubts of his customer; Clerk certainly began to show that he had not played his best; his cudgel was constantly visiting Printer's ribs, thighs, and head; Printer, although he looked queer, was as game as a bull dog, and always endeavored to repay the compliment, but it was become very apparent he was too much engaged in protecting his head to play upon Clerk's body. A smart rally ensued in favor of Clerk, who, when bout was called, looked very searchingly at Printer's cannister, but he thought his work was not yet done. [Betting in favor of Clerk by great odds.]

Round 4. The parties came to the scratch as bold as lions; Printer hit out immediately, but Clerk cried "Blood!" and the crimson stream was observed flowing down Printer's cheek, Clerk was immediately declared the victor. It is pleasant to observe that the science of the "Stick," which the players manifested, was equal to anything yet seen in this country; and that they maintained that cool courage, during the heavy punishment given and received, for which Englishmen are so eminently distinguished. London Sportsman for Oct.

Aged Horses.—In the Museum of the Manchester Natural History Society is the stuffed skin of the head and skull of Old Billy, a horse who worked for many years on the towing path of the Mersey and Irwell Navigation Company, and died November 27, 1822, at an age, testified beyond all doubt, to have been sixty-three years! On the 11th of June in that year, about five months before his death, Mr. Lucas, V. S. of Liverpool, proceeded to Latchford lock, near Warrington, in company with two other gentlemen, to see the horse, when he obtained several particulars of this surprising animal. He was bred by Mr. Edward Robinson, of Willgrave Farm, near Warrington. When young, and indeed till he reached the age of 50, he manifested an extremely vicious disposition, not only to human beings, but to dogs or any other animals that opposed his progress and stood in his way, removing with his heels or teeth any living impediment to his return to stable, whether pig, dog, or child. His teeth in front were perfect, and very long; and his tusks, having grown to an unusual length, became half inverted, convexing to the upper jaw. His eye was bright and clear, and presented so perfect an appearance, as to afford the presumption that his sight was as good as is usually found in horses of 12 or 14 years old. He grazed in summer on the luxuriant pasturage of the meadows near Warrington, on the banks of the Mersey, and in winter he was taken into the stable, and fed on mashes and soft food. He had been thirty years working in a gin previously to his occupation by the Company. At this time he was very healthy, and manifested no symptoms of approaching dissolution.—It is supposed that no other horse ever attained so extraordinary an age. In 1745, when the rebels retreated, they left a strong grey horse in Manchester, which was afterwards employed in drawing a milk-cart for nearly forty years. The age of this horse was never correctly ascertained, but he must have been at least 45 when he died, and on the score of longevity might be ranked next to Old Billy.—The head of the latter is well shaped, bearing the Norman character: the ears cropped, and the hair of the mane and foretop particularly fine, but bushy. London Sport. Mag. for Aug

Dangers of Angling.—On Tuesday, Sept. 20, as two sober, respectable-looking elderly gentlemen, named Hilder and West, were innocently fishing for small fry in the river, near Windsor, the latter, in attempting foolishly to grab a fish before he had caught it, fell overboard, and his friend, in endeavoring to save him, fell in also. The water was fortunately not more than three feet deep, but the boat having unkindly left them, they were left both weeping bitterly, in this predicament, with the gudgeons nibbling their heels for upwards of two hours, when they were picked up by a barge, and assisted home in a most pitiable condition. This lamentable occurrence, we hear, has induced Messrs. Hilder and West to decline any further piscatory amusements for this season.

The Duke of Rutland and his Grace's visitors, during their sojourn at Lonshawe, killed 988 grouse, and about 100 black game.

ON SPEED.

York, Illinois, Sept. 18, 1836.

Mr. Editor—As I suppose every thing in relation to the speed of the horse is a proper subject for the Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, I would be glad to make inquiry through it for the quickest time in which a quarter of a mile has actually been run, where the time has been accurately ascertained by a good watch. I am led to make the inquiry by supposing that most people are under a great error in regard to this matter. It is frequently asserted that a first rate quarter nag will run the 440 yards in from seventeen to eighteen seconds. I lately timed a good horse, though perhaps not first rate, that was twenty-four seconds running the quarter. This led me to make some calculation, which I send you.

A horse will make 70 jumps of near 19 feet in 440 yards

Time of running a quarter.	Feet per second. Feet.	In.
17 sec.	77	7¾
18	73	4
19	69	6
20	66	
21	62	10¼
22	60	
23	57	4¾
24	55	

		Feet.	In
17 seconds will beat	18	73	4
" "	19	138	
" "	20	198	
18 seconds will beat	19	68	6
" "	20	132	
" "	21	188	
" "	22	240	
" "	23	287	
" "	21	330	
20 seconds will beat	21	63	
" "	22	120	
" "	23	172	
" "	24	220	
22 seconds will beat	23	58	6
" "	24	110	

Turf Register, for Nov.

CHESTATEE.

Pendleton, S. C., Sept. 21, 1836.

Mr. Editor—I send you the pedigree of the gray mare Chestatee,* raised by me and now owned jointly with Mr. Maxwell. In enumerating the racing stock of the South, the writer of the article from the Georgia Courier, in the August number of the Turf Register, has not thought proper to mention her; although I should have supposed she was as deserving as many that have been named.—If for no other reason, her running second to Bascomb, on the three mile day in January last, over the Lafayette Course, when quite lame, as was evident to hundreds, ought to have at least entitled her to a passing notice.

Whether intended or not, is a matter of little moment, but the writer has included her among those summed up in the last paragraph of his article, where he says: 'So we are sure there are many race nags who are unworthy of notice, but for the gratification of their owners. It is very far from being the fact, that every man who thinks he has got a race horse, has got one.' Now these are simple truths, but I do not think they suit my case. I believe candidly that I have as good a race nag as any stated in the whole list, with the exception of Bascomb, and I must yield to him, as he beat me. I do not intend to impugn the motives of the writer, they are of little consequence; but as he did commence a list, he ought to have done equal justice. I make these remarks to vindicate the reputation of a dumb brute that has been grossly overlooked by the Georgia Courier. I say *grossly*, for she has given, publicly, repeated evidence in the last

* *Chestatee* was foaled in the Spring of 1831; she was got by old Bertrand; her dam Viola, by Gallatin; her grandam Clio, by imp. Whip; g. grandam Sultana, by imp. Spread Eagle; g. g. grandam Oscar, by Percy; g. g. g. grandam by Buckskin; g. g. g. g. grandam by Hero; g. g. g. g. g. grandam by imp. Brutus; g. g. g. g. g. g. grandam by Tarquin, &c.

two seasons, of being a race nag of no ordinary pretensions, and particularly on the Augusta Course. But she will be in the hands of that veteran of the turf, Mr. James J. Harrison, for the ensuing campaign, and if no accident happen, will command for herself that attention which has been unjustly denied by the Courier.

To shew further that I am not singular in my opinion of her, I have an offer of 2,000 dollars, which I can get at any moment that I am disposed to sell.

Ib. Respectfully, yours, &c. JOHN E. COLHOUN.

Challenge to the Cockers of Hagerstown (Md).

I will meet the Cockers of Hagerstown, in June next, at Baltimore; showing thirty-five cocks within the following weights; from 4 lbs. 8 ozs., to 6 lbs. 8 ozs., for $5000 on the odd fight, and $100 per battle; to fight agreeably to the Rules of Thomas Turner of Virginia, provided this challenge be accepted by the 1st day of January, 1837.

If the challenge should be accepted, I propose to deposite, in any named bank in Baltimore, one half of the above amount, as a forfeit.

Augusta, Ga., Sept. 5, 1836. GRIFFIN EDMONDSON. Ib.

CLAIBORNE JOCKEY CLUB.

Fort Gibson, Miss., Sept. 18, 1836.

MR. EDITOR—We have just organized a Jockey Club at this place, called the *Claiborne Jockey Club*, to continue for five years. The races will commence on the first Wednesday in November next, and continue four days. There is something like a thousand dollars subscribed, and will be more. The proprietor, Mr. Kenley, is doing his best; the stand is erected, stabling and other necessary buildings have gone up as it were by magic. The track will be an exact mile, three feet from the inside. The first day will be mile heats, for colts raised in Claiborne, Warren, Copiah, and Jefferson counties. The balance of the week is free for any horse, mare or gelding in the United States. Dr. Thos. B. Magruder is President, and your humble servant,

Ib. JAMES MOORE, *Recording Secretary.*

A match has been made by Messrs. G. Mallory and J. P. Corbin, between *Virginia, Timberlake* and *Kitty Minge*, two miles and repeat, for $2000 a side, half forfeit, over the Tree Hill Course, to come off the first day of the next Spring Meeting. Ib.

SAM HOUSTON.—Walter W. W. Bowie, Esq., of Prince George's Co., Maryland, bespeaks the name of *Sam Houston* for a colt of his out of the dam of Charles Magic, by Autocrat. Ib.

MOLO'S REPLY TO TRAVELLER.

The following is the reply of *Molo* to the challenge of *Traveller*, inserted a few weeks since in our columns. It is addressed to Col. RAMSAY, editor of the Knoxville (Tenn.) Register:—

CHUCKY BEND, 20th Oct., 1836.

COL. RAMSAY: SIR,—In your paper of the 5th inst., I see that Maj. Ainsworth has taken upon himself personally to banter *Molo* with his famous time horse *Traveller*. I will state a few facts, and then propose a race. In the Fall of 1835, when *Molo* was 8 years old, and had been covering 3 years, *Traveller*, (4 years old,) refused to run against *Molo* with 100 lbs. on each. In the Spring of 1836, after *Molo* had been publicly declared off the track in presence of the Major, he authorised Mr. Lea to call Molo out in a penny stake, which was refused on the part of Molo, by offering *Traveller* a race, 2 mile heats, for $1000, with their appropriate weights this Traveller refused to take. About the close of Molo's Spring season, having covered 79 mares, he again proposed to run with Traveller, which was declined. After which he was advertised for the Fall season, and declared through the columns of your paper to be off the Turf! Would any thoroughbred, after all this banter? How do you think, Colonel, I am to get out of this banter? Molo is now near 10 years old, and in the midst of his season. I see but one way, and that is to follow the indications of your valuable paper. I see you have published in the same paper, perhaps the second column to the left of the Major's banter, that a steam doctor in North Carolina "boasts that he has discovered a system by which he can make out of an old man a young man, and have enough left to make a small dog." Now, if upon enquiry this aforesaid steam doctor can make out of an old race horse, that has been turned to the stable 4 years, a young one, and have enough left to make a small *Jackass*, I will agree to run it against Traveller, 4 miles and repeat, for his highest amount, $2000. JAMES SCRUGGS.

Summary.

AN EDITORIAL DUELLING PARTY.—The Natchez *Christian Herald* gives the following editying account of the state of Christian feeling existing among the *corps* editorial of Mississippi.

"All the editors of Jackson started on Monday of this week for Louisiana, for the purpose of an appeal to deadly combat. The principals, we learn, are Messrs. Howard and Bouchelle, the editors of the Mississippian and the State Rights Banner. The difficulty arose from the bitterness of their editorial articles against each other. Their partners in their respective establishments are seconds, as also four others, having three each and a surgeon. These all make up quite a party, and from the animosity existing between certain of the seconds, fears are entertained of a general fight, as well as single combat. It is supposed the duel was to have taken place on Wednesday. Since writing the above, we learn the duel has taken place, and that one of the principals was severely wounded."

LORD LYNDOCH.—That veteran sportsman and soldier, Lord Lyndoch, has returned to his beautiful cottage there (Lyndoch), and is apparently as active in mind, and, wonderfully for his years, in body as ever. He has brought down Ulysses, by Emilius, out of Isabel, by Wanderer, and several mares. His Devon cattle, pigs, Leicesters, dairy, &c., and all other farming arrangements, he takes much interest in. They are all under the judicious management of Mr. Stainish, formerly with Mr. Payne, of Sulby, now Master of the Pytchley. His Lordship is verging on ninety; and, because he has not enough else to do, is about to throw a beautiful bridge over the Almond from two opposite rocks of great altitude. The materials are all ready, and when finished it will be one of the handsomest things of its kind in Scotland or elsewhere.

Died lately, at Staughton Lodge, near Bedford, the seat of Lieutenant-Colonel Latour, of the late 23d Lancers, his grey charger *Blucher*, aged 27 years. This noble animal carried the Colonel during the three days at Waterloo. On his death eight balls were extracted from him; and he also bore the marks of several ance and sabre cuts.

ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS.—To give a proper effect to full symphonies or overtures, it requires at least thirty violins, eight violas, eight violencellos, six double-bassos, two flutes (or flute and picola), two oboes, two clarionets, two bassoons, four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, bass horn or serpent, a pair of kettle drums, and sometimes a side drum and triangles, making a total of about seventy instruments.

ELEGANT HIGHLAND EPITAPH.—There is something singularly beautiful and affecting in the following epitaph, which an old newspaper represents as translated from one (in Gaelic probably) in the parish church of Glenorchy, in Argyleshire: "Lo, she lies here in the dust, and her memory fills me with grief; silent is the tongue of Melody, and the hand of Elegance is now at rest. No more shall the poor give his blessing, nor shall the naked be warmed with the fleece of thy flock; the tear shalt thou not wipe away from the eye of the wretched. Where now, O feeble is thy wanted help? No more, my fair, shall we meet thee in the social hall; no more shall we sit at thy hospitable board.—Gone for ever is the sound of mirth! the kind, the candid, the meek, is no more. Who can express our grief? Flow, ye tears of woe!"

John D. Williams has liberally offered his land for a street, and the city authorities have agreed to lay it out. A wag asks, "Why it would not be appropriate to call it *John D. street?*" Herald.

Because the name is liable to corruption, and would be converted into *Jaundice* street.

Among other curious subjects taken up in the wide range of popular lectures which it is now the laudable practice to give every winter in our principal cities, we observe a course of lectures on "Storms," at Philadelphia, and on the "Romance of the Sea," at Boston. "The Beauties of the Penitentiary" and "The Poetry of the Poor House" will, among other topics, probably, soon come under the notice of distinct professorships. New York Star.

"*The Beauties* of the Penitentiary" are daily exhibited at the New York Police Office, and the "*Poetry* of the Poor House" may be read at any time in Broadway. Boston Transcript.

☞ The New-York Spirit of the Times says:—Miss "Cushman," the "Boston girl" has been playing tragedy to the Albanians, who pronounce her "no mistake." She is a clever actress, and will succeed as she deserves; but as to her being 'lovely' and all that sort of thing, it's all a bam."

Now, "don't be rash," Corinthian Thom! Don't "damn with faint praise" a budding flower, if Miss Clifton has turned the heads of all the New York dandies. The "Boston girl" seeks not to make people "drunk with beauty," nor pierce tender hearted whiskerandos with the artillery of bright eyes. She aims at nobler things—at excellence in her line, and, as a consequence eminence in her profession. How well she has succeeded thus far, let the success of her efforts hitherto answer. It's a right down "tetotaller" to say a "*Boston Girl*" *is not* "*lovely*." Albany Microscope.

A Fourth of July orator lately declared from the rostrum, that if Danial Webster was elected to the Presidency he should be as much surprised as if he had detected the moon in teaching the stars their catechism, or seen an oyster split his shell with laughing. Boston Galaxy.

"ALL SORTS OF A TIME.—There is to be a grand bear and dog fight, and nobody knows what else, down at the Race Course, on Saturday next. Free admission for those who take with them dogs to fight;—four bits for all others—(grown persons)—children half price. We hope every man in Mobile who can spare the time, will provide himself with three or four dogs and attend. It would be a good way to use up a small portion of these lazy useless vermin who sleep through the days and bark at nights. Mobile Mercantile Advertiser.

A Miss de Bar, an actress, who was to have a benefit at the Cincinnati theatre on the evening of the day it burned down, to retrieve some of her losses, proposed to give an entertainment in some public hall. Some philanthropic admirer immediately claimed the public patronage, and attempted to excite their sympathies in her behalf by speaking of her labors to support an aged mother and a dependant family; but Miss de Barr refused to allow any such thing to pass current, and says that her mother is elderly, but not aged, and she is not in the distressing circumstances represented. The people of Louisville are so pleased with her spirit and candour, that they are calling upon her to come there and she will receive a real benefit. Evening Star.

GAINING BY LOSS.—Owing to some remarks which it pleased the editor of the New York Transcript to make the other day, on the character of Mrs. Francis Wright Darusmont, the Tammany Hall Freethinkers withdrew their advertising patronage, amounting to *twenty-five cents* per week—and one of her followers "dropped his paper," costing him *six cents* a week. The editor proves to his own satisfaction, that by this *loss* of patronage he has actually gained *one quarter* of a cent per week. Now, on the Irish principle, that if one stove will save half the wood, two stoves will save the whole, he has only to quarrel with all his subscribers and patrons, and his fortune is made, without further labor of pen, or press, or Brains. Boston Transcript.

SUBAQUACIOUS TRAVELLER.—The *Bath Chronicle* [England] contains the annexed extraordinary incident:—The extraordinary feat of walking under the water for the distance of a mile, was performed at Weymouth, on Monday, Oct. 3d, by Mr. Joseph Orchard, the celebrated diver, who completed this unparalleled undertaking in the harbor, walking at the bottom of it from the new pier the whole length, and then making his appearance by landing at its extremity, bearing a pewter tankard, which he had met with in his progress. He afterwards dived again, walked under the water across a portion of the bay, and landed at the stairs opposite Luce's Hotel, amidst the cheers of an immense crowd who had accompanied and watched his marine excursion. A boat, having an air pump and necessary apparatus for supplying Mr. Orchard with fresh air, attended him.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION.—Of all the devices ever practiced by doers up of tragedy, comedy, buffoonery or humbug, to attract favors of the populace and draw houses at their benefits, the scheme advertised by Mrs. Carr, a beneficiary at one of the Western Theatres, beats any we have ever heard or read of. Her bill of attractions concludes with the announcement, gorgeously displayed in a profusion of capitals, italics and other catch traps, that

"After which, a Grand Agricultural scene, devoted and dedicated expressly to the Farmers of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky; consisting in the exhibition of a *splendid Cow* and *beautiful Calf*, which will be given as prizes to those who may hold the lucky numbers. The prizes will be determined by placing in a wheel or box a certain quantity of numbers, agreeing with the numbers on the tickets sold. The prizes will be determined by being drawn from the box by Master Carr, in in the character of Fortunatus—and the person having the first drawn number, shall be entitled to the *Cow*; that of the second to the *Calf*. No danger need be apprehended from the bleating of the Calf, at the separation from its maternal guardianship, as it has been some time weaned.

PHEASANT SHOOTING IN OCTOBER.—The best time to find Pheasants out of cover is the first hour after sunrise, when they are feeding in the ajacent stubble and potato fields. A few stragglers may be found in the hedges near the closes in which they feed. At noon, when the sun shines bright, they will venture out of the woods, and bask under thick hedges, or holly bushes or amongst brambles, but at no great distance from cover. During a dense fog pheasants venture farthest from the woods. But while the leaves remain on the trees they seldom wander far from the place where they were hatched, or the wood or plantation to which they may be said to belong Oakley Shooting Co.

THE WOMEN OF SYRIA.—It is impossible to paint with the pen the admirable and picturesque groups of richness of costume and beauty that these women form in the country. Every day I see faces of young girls or of women such as Raphael never pictured even in his artist dreams: it is much more than Grecian or Italian beauty—it is purity of lines, delicacy of contour; in a word, all that Rome and Greece have left us of most perfect; and this is rendered still more intoxicating by a primitive innocence and simplicity of expression, by a serene and voluptuous languor, by the celestial light that their blue eyes, fringed with dark lashes, throw over the features, and by an ingenuousness of smile, a harmony of proportion, an animated whiteness of the skin, an indiscribable transparency of complexion, a metallic lustre of the hair, a grace of movement, a strangeness of attitude and musical vibration of the voice, which make of a young Syrian a Houri of Paradise to the eyes. These varied and admirable beauties are also extremely common.

De Lamartine's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, &c. &c.

FOX-HUNTING LADIES.—I am not aware of any picture more beautiful than an elegant female on horseback; Lady Grosvenor is a striking exemplification, whom I have repeatedly seen at the fixtures for the Cheshire hounds. I never observed her cross the country. Her Ladyship's presence at the fixture was highly gratifying; it gave a degree of interest to the scene which could not have been derived from any other source. Amidst the busy jocularity of such a meeting, there might, indeed, be seen the homage which high birth and distinguished rank paid to loveliness and beauty. Lady Grosvenor remains to witness the finding of the fox; and if, when he goes away, he happens to take a direction that will enable her to see the run, she rides along the lanes, crosses enclosures where gates or openings happen to be convenient, and continues in this way as long as she can. I think I once observed her up at the death of the fox. Lady Grosvenor is an excellent rider. Lady Helen Lowther is the boldest female rider I ever saw. This Lady appears in the field in scarlet, completely equipped for the chase. She meets the Earl of Lonsdale's fox-hounds, mounted upon a steady superb steed, and rides uncommonly well. Upon one occasion, when the fixture was Little Daulby, three miles from Melton, I saw Lady Lowther put the beautiful bay horse along with uncommon spirit. Sporting Paper.

NEW YORK DOG KILLING.—Good often comes out of evil. We see this manifested in the cruel slaughter of the canine race in the city of Gotham. All the worthless dogs for twenty miles around the city were brought in and immolated, and *the Gothamites*, says a Boston paper, "*got sausages at a very much diminished price.*"

The following curious advertisement appeared in the *Times* of Tuesday:—"*To independent gentlemen.*—Wanted by a respectable, modest young man, who can produce a cubic yard of testimonials, a living without a master—that is, he wishes to become a companion to some gentleman, and be his factotum. He can ride, shoot, sing, fish, (but never better than his patron, without he is wanted,) keeps accounts, see that the servants do their duty, do twenty other things equally necessary in this life, and make it his whole duty to please and be pleased."

NAPOLEON'S ADVICE TO PLAYERS.—In the year 1808, Napoleon was one day conversing with Talma at the Tuileries, while several Royal personages were waiting for their turns to speak with the Emperor. Talma observing this, wished to withdraw; but Napoleon detained him, saying, "no, no, let them wait." During this conversation the Emperor recommended him, above all things, to let his acting be as simple as possible. "You see in this palace," said he, "Kings who have come to solicit the restoration of their states; great captains who have come to ask me for crowns. Ambition, and other violent passions agitate all around me.—Here I behold men offering to serve those whom they hate; young Princesses intreating me to restore them to the lovers from whom I have separated them. Are not these tragic characters? And I am, perhaps, the most tragic of all. Yet you do not find that we continually strain our voices and make violent gestures: we are calm, except at those times when agitated by passion, and those moments are always of short duration. A man's natural strength would not enable him to continue in such state of excitation for two hours in succession; and, besides, when a man is under the influence of violent passion, he has less strength than usual." The Parterre.

QUILLS.—Using them after steel-pens is like stepping into comfortable slippers, after being packed in tight boots. Nothing, as Colonel Stone has it, is like 'the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another.' Boston Pearl

An ambitious writer says, "when I do but scratch my paper with my pen, the sheet is inoculated with renown."

OMINOUS SYMPTOMS.—A society of young ladies has been formed in this city, called—"The anti-smile-on such-old-bachelors-as-the-Editor-of-the-Transcript Society. A Miss Ann Pamela Pink is the President. Boston Daily Times

PROFESSIONAL ANECDOTE.—The Law Magazine relates an anecdote of seargant Davy, a distinguished lawyer at the time of Lord Mansfield, that being once called to account by his brethren on the western circuit, for disgracing the profession by accepting money of a client, he replied, 'I took silver because I could not get gold; but I took every sixpence the fellow had in the world, and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession.'

WHAT NEXT.—A lady has just returned to Liverpool from Paris, who advertises that she is willing to keep gentlemen's whiskers *in good colour* for ten shillings a month. Mer Journal.

COCK FIGHTING.—Pope, whilst living with his father at Chiswick, before he went to Binfield, took great delight in cock fighting; and laid out all his school-boy money in buying fighting cocks. From this passion, but surely not the play of a child, his mother had the dexterity to wean him. He afterwards found, in the course of his profession as an author, the justness of the line in his friend Gray's fables, that

"Witts are game cocks to one another."

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations, Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano, Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces; also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon, 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

jy 22.

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

A CARD.

WM. A. COLMAN, No. 205 Broadway, New York, having fitted up at much expense, this building, for the display of his extensive assortment of fine Books and splendid Engravings, and for the purpose of selling Oil Paintings by Modern as well as Ancient Artists, which have merit to recommend them; takes this opportunity of offering to his friends and customers, his sincere acknowledgments for their liberal patronage for years past, and also to solicit their continuance at his new store, which will be found an agreeable resort for the purchase of rare and valuable Books, new Publications, Oil Paintings, and Highly Colored Engravings, many of which are expressly got up for his establishment, by one of the first houses in London and in Paris. He holds out no other inducement, in comparison with other similar stores, than a large assortment of the best articles which can be obtained, and to sell them at a fair profit for ready money.

A Catalogue of his extensive stock will be prepared as soon as possible. jy 23.

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson.	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins.	" NORTH AMERICA,	" G. Lathrop,
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DEWITT CLINTON	" [illegible]
The ROBERT [illegible]			

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtlandt street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owners of such goods, freight, baggage &c.

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 yards of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Marion* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.

KILLINGWORTH, Con. June, 1836. june 25

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but, owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them: it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & CO.'S Music Store, and at ATWILL'S Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

NO. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon, as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.

New-York, June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases. W. F. CALDWELL.

Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease. CYRUS W. PRATT.

Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.

Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836. july 2 tf

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK. feb 20

J. H. PERRY.

SKINNER'S ENGLISH STUD BOOK.

THE Subscriber having sold to Mr. Gideon B. Smith, all his interest in Skinner's edition of the English and American Stud Book, all persons indebted for the said book will please pay the same to Mr. Smith, and all persons having any of said books in their possession for sale, will account for the same to him. Those persons who have paid for the book and not received it, will please apply for it to Mr. Smith, or give him directions how to send it to them.

Baltimore, July 25, 1836. J. S. SKINNER.

N.B. Having no further interest in the work, I can the more readily recommend it to all owners of thoroughbred horses. It contains the whole of the English Stud Book in three volumes, which it costs $25 to import, with the pedigrees of the most distinguished stallions and mares, to which may be traced the present stock of American horses. J. S. S.

The subscriber is desirous of closing the sales of Skinner's edition of the English Stud Book as soon as possible; he therefore requests all persons that want it to apply immediately by letter or otherwise. Copies are deposited at Charleston and Columbia, S. C., Savannah and Augusta, Geo., Louisville, Ken., Fayetville, Tenn., and at the Messrs. Carvills, at New York, so that any person in any of those sections of the country, can apply to me for a copy and I will give them an order for it. They are also for sale at the office of the Turf Register in Baltimore. When they are sent by mail the postage is $4.08. The money ($10 a copy should in all cases accompany the order.

The edition is very limited and not likely ever to be re-printed.

a 6. GIDEON B. SMITH, Turf Reg. office, Balt.

D. L. P. WAILEY, SIGN PAINTER.

AT A. B. Smith's Clock Establishment, No. 7 1-2 Bowery. N.B. Church Clock Dials painted in a superior manner. a6.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9 Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12 A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13 A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

FOR SALE.

AN ESTABLISHED LIVERY STABLE, eligibly located in the upper part of this city together with his stock of horses, carriages, &c., will be sold upon *extremely* liberal terms, on application at the Land, Loan, and Law Office of Van Cott & Duryea, No. 43 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

New York, April 7th, 1836. [o29-tf.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Lafayette Course, 1st Tuesday, 6th Dec. On the 1st day will come off a
" " Match, Four mile heats, $5000 aside, *Hickory John* vs. *Miss Medley*.
ALEXANDRIA, La. - - Rapides Course, Annual Jockey Club meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Dec.
" " Match, Mile heats, $1000 aside, h. ft. *Corsair* vs. *Winge* 12th Dec.
" " Match, Mile heats, $400 aside, h. ft. *Rhubarb* vs. *Taglioni*, 12th Dec.
" " Match, Mile hts, $10,000 aside, $5 500 bye; *Linnet* vs. *Conhoma* Dec. 15.
" " Match, 3 m. h. $5000 aside, $2000 bye; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin* Dec. 16.
BALTIMORE, Md. - - Match $[illegible] aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of Spring meeting, 1837.
CHARLESTON, S. C. - Jockey Club Annual meeting, Washington Course, Monday, 20th Feb.
COLUMBIA, S. C. - Jockey Club, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th Jan.
FRANKLIN, La. - - Match, Four mile heats, $1000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
GREENSBORO' Ala. - - Annual Club meeting, 4th Wednesday, 23d Nov.
LOWNDES CO. Ala. - - Benton Course, Annual Jockey Club meeting 3d Monday, 19th Dec.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. - Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th Dec.
NEW YORK CITY - Jockey Club, Union Course, 1st Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - Adams Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st or 2d Wednesday in March.
" " Match, 4 [illegible] $[illegible] aside; *Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Feb. 27.
" " Match, [illegible] $[illegible] aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Feb. 1837.
" " Match, Mile [illegible] $1000 aside; b. c. by Pacific vs. b. c. by Longwaist; Feb.
" " Match, Mile [illegible] $5000 a side; f. br. to Naked Truth vs. f. by Muley; Feb.
" " Match, $[illegible] a side, h. ft., — heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Feb. 1837.
" " Match, $[illegible] side, h. ft., 2 m. h., *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Feb.
" " Match, 4 m. h. $3000 aside, h. ft., *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*, Jan 23. 1837.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - Match — heats $5000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NEWBERRY, S. C. - Jockey Club 4th Tuesday, 22d Nov. near Court House.
ORANGEBURG, S. C. - St. Matthew's Parish, Richardson Course, Fall meeting, 4th Wed. Nov. 23.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. - Camden and Phila. Jockey Club Spring meeting 4th Tuesday in May.
PLAQUEMINE, La. - Match, [illegible] $2000 aside, *Go-it-Jerry* vs. *Plato*, 1st Dec.
TREE HILL, Va. - Match, [illegible] heats, $[illegible] a side, h. ft. *Kitty Minge* by Timoleon, vs. *Pocahontas Timberlake*, by Sir Charles, 1st day of Spring meeting 1837.
TUSCALOOSA, Ala. - Jockey Club, Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday, 14th Dec.
VICKSBURG, Miss. - Jockey Club, [illegible] meeting, 1st Wednesday [illegible] Dec.
WASHINGTON CITY - National Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

BEAR-BAITING ON REFORMED PRINCIPLES.

William Green, of Preston's-row, appeared before Mr. Hall, the Magistrate of Liverpool, a few days since, to answer a summons procured against him by Inspector M'Culloch. The latter stated, that on Monday, the 29th inst., he went to the house of the defendant, where he found between 50 and 60 men, and about 30 dogs, with which the former were baiting a bear. "Well," said Mr. Hall, "what have you to say for yourself this time?" "Pooh!" replied the defendant, "why its all nonsense; the dogs can do the bear no harm, because its clothed all over in the skin of another bear; nor the bear can't hurt the dogs—not a bit!" Mr. Hall—"No, I believe the bear cannot hurt the dogs, but I think the dogs hurt the bear." Defendant—"Pooh! not a bit I tell you; and whereas he said I had 50 or 60 men, and 30 dogs; I tell you, as I charges 6d a piece for men, and 2d for dogs, and I only [illegible] 8s 6d that day, so how can that be—hey?" Mr. Hall—"There is a law against it, and—" Complainant—(interrupting)—"We baits 'em on reformed principles. It dosen't hurt 'em 'cause we only baits the skin, and not the bear. You might as well bait a bundle of rags. In London they used to bait 'em stark naked, but we 'dopts a reformed system, we sews 'em up in a skin, and let the dogs tear away; they can't hurt 'em; it's unpossible; it's only to try the fact if the dog has corridge and pluck enough to run at the bear, and there's nothing contrary to the Hackt of Parliament in that, I think." Mr. Hall—"I have attempted to tell you that the practice is unlawful, but I perceive you are inclined to be as boisterous as when you were last summoned here, now ——" Defendant (interrupting)—"I've got the bears, and I must keep 'em. I can't sell 'em. How am I to get a bit of bread for myself and the poor dumb animals? Pooh; it does not hurt 'em a bit." Mr. Hall—"If you would suffer yourself to be sowed up in a bear's skin, and allow 20 or 30 ferocious dogs to be turned loose upon you, then——" Defendant (again interrupting)——"Well, I will! I agree to it! You may sow me up this minute, and set all the dogs in Liverpool at me; I am ready now. Pooh! on the new system it dosen't hurt a bit." Mr. Hall—"I tell you, Sir, it is very cruel, and ——" Defendant (in derision)—"Cruel! Pooh! What's fox-hunting? Cruel! You start out a poor fox, or may be a hare, that hasn't strength to defend himself, and you turn out 40 or 50 big dogs after him, twice as big as he is, and you gallop away after him till he is exhausted, when the dogs catches him and tears him all to pieces. Cruel!—which is the cruellest? But that's a gentleman's sport, and gentlemen can do as they like." Mr. Hall said, as the law was, so he must administer it.—The defendant was fined 40s and costs.

London Sportsman for October.

THE COUNT DE SURVILLIERS.—The New York Courier de Etats Unis of Saturday morning, gives the following extract from a letter written by Joseph Bonaparte on the 29th of September, to a friend in this city

"My sister is now in Paris, but she has rejected all advances made to her. Do not believe a word of the story put forth in the Paris journals, about my voyage to Corsica, under the permission of Louis Philippe. All these paragraphs respecting my family are miserable inventions. You will sooner see me in New York than in Corsica, or any other part of France, so long as a Bourbon sits upon the throne."

LONG ISLAND SPORTING.—The Long Island Star of Thursday evening says "It is not, perhaps, generally known, that deer abound in the wooded places toward the east end of the island. Many sportsmen go down upon the Island at about this season, and seldom return without a saddle or two of fine venison. We understand a party of gentlemen went out from Islip after breakfast, a few days since, and shot six fine deer before dinner. Considering that these were probably New York sportsmen, and not the hunters of Kentucky, it was doing tolerably well."

THE KENDALL COURSE RACES

WILL hereafter take place on the 3d week of May and October, instead of the 4th, as heretofore.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, near Baltimore.

1. A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds to run Spring meeting, 1837. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, now 5 subscribers; to name and close the 1st March next.

2. A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock, to run Spring meeting, 1837. Entrance $100, forfeit $50; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March next.

3. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then three years old, to run Spring, 1837. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250; now 12 subscribers; to name and close 1st January next

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. D. Shepherd enters produce of Priam, out of Moss Rose, by Tramp.
2. Col. Wm. L. White enters produce of Maid of Athens and Goliah
3. Jas. B Kendall enters produce of Mary Randolph and Tranby
4. Geo. Symms enters produce of Jemima Wilkinson and Monsieur Tonson
5. Col. John Heth enters produce of Arietta and Shark.
6. Col. Jas. M. Seldon enters produce of Hotspur and Florida
7. Thos. Pearsall enters produce of Gohanna and Gulnare.
8. Wm. Bosley has not named.
9. Col. Wm. R. Johnson, not named
10. Wm. Williamson & J. P. Corbin, not named.
11. Col. Wm. Wynn enters produce of Flirtilla and Chateau Margeaux
12. Also produse of Isabella and Eclipse.

In addition to the above, there are eight or ten more promised. Should this meet their eye, I hope it will put them in mind to make their entries in time. Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above Stakes, can do so, by addressing a letter to the subscriber, at Baltimore.

[n19-4w.] JAMES B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

LEVIATHAN, LAPDOG, GLENCOE, AND St. GILES.

JAMES JACKSON & Co.'s Imported Stallions will Stand at the following places and prices for the next season, of 1837.

Imported Leviathan, at the stable of COL. GEO. ELLIOTT, Gallatin, Tenn. at $100
" *Lapdog* will also stand at the same stable, $60.
" *Glencoe*, at the stable of JAMES JACKSON, Florence, Ala., $100.
" *St. Giles*, for the ensuing season, will be withdrawn. [n19.]

A CARD.

W. FULLER respectfully informs his subscribers and the public in general, that both Gymnasiums, 205 Green-street, near Bleecker-street, and 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony-street, have re-opened for the season.—"Bodily exercise strengthens, and a sedentary life weakens the constitution; therefore it is necessary to keep up the balance between body and mind."—SPURZHEIM

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual, upon the most approved principles. s3.

SOUTHERN HOTEL.

THE subscriber having leased that well known establishment 157 Broadway, (late Niblo's), begs to inform his friends and the public, that it is now undergoing thorough renovation in painting and furnishing throughout, and will be open for the accommodation of travellers and permanent boarders on the 14th inst. Having secured a very superior assortment of wines and liquors, and intending to conduct this establishment on the most approved and liberal plan, he trusts, by every attention, an excellent larder and able assistants, to merit a share of public patronage. [n12] EDWARD OTTEY, 157 Broadway

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

NO. 1. bay mare, *Lady of the Lake*, 24 years old, by Imp. Sir Harry, dam by Imp. Diomed, grandam, by Imp. St. George, g g dam by Imp. Fearnought, g g g dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, out of an Imported mare, now stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 2. Ch. m. *Charlotte Hamilton*, 10 years old, by Sir Charles, dam No. 1—stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 3. B. m. *Molly Seagrim*, by Randolph, 6 yrs. (by Tenn. Oscar, out of his full sister) her dam No. 1.

No. 4. G. c. *Daniel O'Connell*, 4 yrs. old, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam No. 1.

No. 5. Ch. f. *Jenny Deans*, 3 years old, by Pizarro, (by Old Pacolet, dam by Florizel, grandam by Grey Diomed, &c.) dam No. 2, stinted to Leviathan.

No. 6. B. f. *Cockahanna*, by Cock of the Rock, dam No. 2, now in a Sweepstakes to be run at Gallatin, the fall of 1839, two mile heats, 13 entries at $100 each, and closed.

The above are of the best blood and shape, and are for sale; application to be made to [n12] G. W. PARKER, Gallatin, Tenn.

WASHINGTON NATIONAL J. C. RACES, SPRING, 1837,

WILL commence the 1st Tuesday in May. There is now open a post sweepstake for 4 year olds, spring, 1837, three mile heats, entrance $500, forfeit $200. To close the 10th April. The horse to be named at the starting post—now two subscribers. Particulars will hereafter be given. [n5-4t.] JAMES S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA SPRING RACES, 1837,

WILL commence on the fourth Tuesday in May next. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 years old, is now open over that course, one mile heats, entrance $500, forfeit $200. To close on 1st Jan. 1837—now seven subscribers. Entries can be described by letter, addressed to W. J. Leiper, Secretary to the Club, or to the subscriber, at Philadelphia. Entries made by mail must be post-marked the day previous to the closing of the stake.

[n5.] WM. N. FRIEND, Proprietor.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES AND MATCHES to be run over the *Union Course*. All the *Sweepstakes* now open will close the first of January, 1837.

By reference to the annexed, subscribers will know their nominations, where closed—and have an opportunity of naming or changing such as are still open to the 1st of January. Any gentleman wishing to make a nomination to any stake marked "*open*" on the list, will please address the undersigned before the 1st of January, 1837.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Jamaica, New York.

SPRING, 1837.

Match, mile heats, two weeks before the 1st Spring meeting, 1837, between Mr. John C. Stevens' Henry colt, out of Janette, and Capt. Stockton's colt, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey.

First Meeting, Spring, 1837, for 3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robert Tillotson names —, by Henry, out of the dam of Medoc.
2. R. L. Stevens names produce of Betsey Ransom by Henry.
3. Do. names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Nullifier.
4. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress, by Eclipse.
5. Do. names produce of Ostrich, by Andrew.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Henry.
7. Do. names produce of Romp, by Henry.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey, by Sir Charles.
9. Do. names produce of Monmouth's dam by Dashall.
10. Wm. Gibbons names produce of Shadow, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam Sally Slouch.
11. I. S. Snedecor names c. by Andrew, dam Vandeveer's Pacolet mare.
12. Wm. Jones names produce, a Lovell colt out of Eleaner.
13. T. Pearsall names produce, a colt by Flying Childers, dam Gulnare.
14. A. L. Botts names a f. by Eclipse, dam Phillis, full sister to Gohanna.
15. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Sir Charles.
16. John Drew names produce "Cornelia," by Andrew, dam Filho mare.
17. Samuel Laird names a f. Betsey Andrew, by Andrew, dam Farmer's Damsel
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.

OPEN.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250; 4 or more to make a race. To close 1st of January, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton. | 3. Robert Tillotson.
2. J. C. Stevens. | 4. Robt. L. Stevens.

OPEN.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837. Two mile heats, for 4 year olds. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250, four or more to make a race, and close the 1st of January, 1837.

1. Wade Hampton names fall sister to Trifle
2. John C. Stevens names Do-oris, by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.

FALL, 1837.

First Meeting, Fall, 1837.—Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Ostrich and Andrew.
2. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry
3. J. Bathgate names produce of a Henry mare and Autocrat.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Henry
5. Also " " of Romp and Henry.
6. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Henry.
7. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey and Sir Charles
8. G. T. Wilson names produce of Miss Fisher and Andrew.
9. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis and Eclipse.
10. T. Pearsall names produce of Gulnare and Childers.
11. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Nullifier

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Fall, 1837, Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, to close 1st of January, 1837.

SPRING, 1838.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance, $300, forfeit $100; to close 1st of January, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Helen Mar and Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Oscar mare and Monmouth Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Eclipse.
4. Also produce of Janette and Eclipse.
5. James Cooke names s. c. Crickett, by Henry, dam by Eclipse
6. W. Livingston names produce of Jemima and Eclipse.
7. Also produce of Medora and Eclipse
8. J. Vansicler names produce of Lady Richmond and Eclipse

OPEN.

Spring, 1838.—Sweepstakes, Mile heats. Entrance $200, forfeit $50. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. J. Vansicler names produce of Rotten Apples, by Simon

Produce Sweepstakes for Spring, 1838, Mile heats. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS

1. W. Livingston names produce of Medora, by Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Jemima, by Eclipse.
3. R. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam, by Eclipse.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Eclipse.
5. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Betsey Richards, by Eclipse
6. R. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Eclipse.
7. S. Gouverneur names produce of Polly Jones, by Eclipse
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie, by Eclipse
9. Also produce of Charlotte Pace, by Eclipse.
10. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Reality, by Eclipse.
11. John C. Craig names produce of Bonnets of Blue, by Eclipse
12. Also produce of Kate Kearney, by Eclipse
13. S. Ringgold names produce of Arietta, by Eclipse or Medley
14. John Heth names produce of Screamer, by Luzborough.
15. Also produce of Annette, by Goliah.
16. W. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla, by Luzborough.
17. Also produce of Isabella, by Luzborough.
18. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis, full sister to Gohanna, by Goliah.
19. Wm. H. Minge names produce of dam of Mazeppa, by May Day.
20. Robt. Randolph names produce of Minge's Bluster mare, by Forty Four
21. W. R. Johnson names produce of dam of Charles Kemble, by Andrew
22. Wm. Coleman names produce of dam of Trifle, by Andrew.
23. J. M. Botts names produce of dam of Rosalie Somers, by Gohanna.
24. Also produce of dam of Rolla, by Gohanna.
25. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Bedford mare, by Eclipse.
26. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank, by Eclipse.
27. John C. Stevens names produce of Romp, by Henry.
28. James S. Garrison names produce of Lady La Grange, by Luzborough.
29. Also produce of Sally Hope, by Sarpedon.
30. Also produce of dam of Zinganee, by Ivanhoe.
31. Wm. Jones names produce of Dove, by (imported) Roman.
32. Jas. M. Selden names produce of dam of Bachelor, by Sussex
33. A. B. Meade names produce of Green's Filho mare, by Eclipse
34. Samuel Laird names produce of Farmer's Damsel, by Henry.
35. Also produce of Lady Hamlet, by Eclipse.
36. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam, by Eclipse.
37. Also produce of Lady Jackson, by Henry.
38. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Medley
39. J. H. Oliver names produce of Patsey Calbert, by Tonson.
40. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda, by Eclipse.
41. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.
42. J. R. Snedecor names produce of Grasshopper, by Eclipse.
43. John C. Stevens names produce of English mare Isabel, by Eclipse.
44. D. W. Jones names produce of Princess, by Eclipse.

FALL, 1838.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, for 3 yr. olds. Entrance $200, forfeit $50. To close 1st of January, 1837.

SPRING, 1839.

Match, mile heats, First meeting, 1839, between Mr. Tillotson's filly by Barefoot, out of Polly Jones and Mr. J. C. Stevens' Henry colt, out of Romp.

Match, mile heats, First meeting, 1839, between Mr. Tillotson's colt, by Gohanna, out of Medoc's dam, and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' colt, out of Polly Hopkins, by Emilius.

Match, mile heats, between the produce of the dam of Ariel, by Gohanna, belonging to Mr. Hamlin, and the produce of the dam of Post Boy, by Barefoot, of Mr. S. Neale; First meeting, 1839.

Match, Second meeting, 1839, mile heats, between the colts of Col. W. Hampton, and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens.

Produce Sweepstakes, mile heats, First meeting, Spring, 1839. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Barefoot.
2. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Gohanna
3. J. C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
4. A. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Gohanna
5. John Heth names produce of Arietta and Shark.
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Romp and Henry.
7. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Gohanna.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Shark.
9. Also produce of Powancey and Shark.
10. J. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Barefoot.
11. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Garland and Barefoot.
12. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius
13. Also produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Mile heats, First meeting, Spring, 1839. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250. Second in the race of receive back stakes: 4 or more to make a race, and close 1st of January, 1837.

1. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Geranium and Barefoot.
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Mile heats, First meeting, 1839. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.

FALL, 1839.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, First meeting, Fall, 1839. Entrance $500, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.

SPRING, 1840.

OPEN.

Produce Stake, First meeting, Spring, 1839. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

OPEN.

Produce Stake, Second meeting, 1840. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250. The second in last heat to receive back stakes, unless one should win a heat and not be distanced. Ten or more to make a race, and close the 1st of January, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. P. Corbin names produce of Preston's dam, by Star.
2. S. Mallory names produce of Caroline James, by Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of ——— ———.
4. J. M. Selden names produce of ———————.
5. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of ———————.
6. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of ————————.
7. B. B. Seaman names produce of Agnes and Barefoot.
8. W. Livingston names produce of Alice Grey and Tonson.
9. Also produce of Jemima and Barefoot.
10. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank and Barefoot.

FALL, 1840.

OPEN.

Produce Stakes, Two mile heats. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. Four or more to make a race, and close 1st of January, 1837.

The above is correctly copied from the Secretary's book, this 12th day of November, 1836.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Secretary N. Y. Jockey Club.

THOROUGH-BRED HORSES FOR SALE.

THE following thorough bred horses, belonging to the estate of the late Bela Badger, of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, are offered for sale, viz.:—

John Richards, Valentine, (Imported),
Flying Dutchman, Chifney,
Priam.

The four first named horses are at Gen. John Falkner's, Gerrard County, Kentucky. Priam is in Preble County, Ohio.

The terms of payment (good security being given) will be made easy to purchasers.

Applications may be made to S. BADGER, (Ex. to the estate of Bela Badger.) Philadelphia, Pa., or to JOSEPH H. HELLINGS, Lexington, Ky.

Nov 7, 1836 [n12 6t.]

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 100 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra—approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. BOARDMAN enters get of Imp. CONSOL.

Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2

JAMES JACKSON & Co. enter the get of Imp. LEVIATHAN, on the terms proposed.

Nashville, Tenn. Aug. 10, 1836. Sept. 10.

ZINGANEE, IVANHOE, AND HANSLAP.

THE Subscriber is desirous of farming out, for one year or more, the following celebrated racing stallions, so well known on the turf as the winners of never fading laurels:—

Zinganee is a deep bay, 9 years old, by Sir Archie, dam by Imp. Chance; black mane and tail, five feet three inches high and in fine condition.

Hanslap is a rich bay, five feet seven inches high, by Washington, dam by Sir Archie; one of the fleetest and stoutest race horses on the turf; now 7 years old.

Ivanhoe, a fine bay, with black legs, mane and tail, 13 years old, is own brother to Polly Hopkins, and a sure foal getter.

All three are from the best racing families, and "their connexions (on the turf.) are of the highest respectability." Application must be made before the 10th Jan. next, to

Nov. 5, 1836. JAMES S. GARRISON, Norfolk, Virginia.

A TRAINER WANTED.

WANTED, by a gentleman at Murfreesboro', Tenn., about August, 1837, a person capable of taking the management and training of a stable of horses, to whom a liberal salary will be given, with every encouragement. Apply to JOHN HOLMES.

o15 Murfreesboro', Tenn.

TO TURFMEN AND BREEDERS.

SHORTLY will be published Three Genealogical Tables of Thorough bred ENGLISH STALLIONS, showing, at a glance, the line of blood of every entire horse which has got coverers descended from the three great sources of the race horse—viz., the *Darley Arabian*, the *Godolphin Arabian*, and the *Byerly Turk*. The tables are compiled by W. Ruff, Turf Reporter to the London Papers and Bell's Life in London, from those of M. Lunen, drawn by order of the Emperor of Russia, and are published under the patronage of the most influential members of the Jockey Club; they will be neatly lithographed and may be had either on a plain sheet, or on rollers to hang up as a map. Orders received at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. a 13.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wadcutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N.B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to any gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has for the present taken the store 55 Gold-street. A small part only of his Stereotype Plates having been destroyed by the late fire, he will be enabled to furnish a full supply of his publications in a short time.

He has now on hand some of each of the following works:—

Hallocks Poems, Drakes do., Shakspeare, 2 vols. 8vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, 8vo., Byron, 1 vol. 8 vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, do., Johnson's Works, 2 vols. 8 vo., Boswell's Johnson, 2 do., Rollin's Ancient History, 2 vols. do., Burke's Works, 3 vols. Crown, 8 vo., Dryden's Works, 2 vols. do., Notices of the War of 1812, Life on the Lakes, 2 vols. 12 mo., Memoirs of an American Lady

a 6-6t. GEO. DEARBORN

SAM JONES, FISHERMAN, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Fish, such as Porgyes, Moss Bankers, Lamper Eels, Sheep Heads, Crabs, Clams, Lobsters, Tom Cods, Killeys, Porpoises, Whales, Grampusses, Albany Beef, Flying Squirrels, Pollygrews, Land Crabs, Sea Horses, Rhinoceroses, Aligators, Shrimps, Bull Heads, Toads, Mackerel, Snapping Turtles, Sharks, Swellers, Toad Fish, Shad, Oysters, Carolina Potatoes, Sea Bass, Flounders, Lunar Bats and Dock Rats, with various other Water Fowls too numerous to mention!!!

N.B. A large quantity of Sea Serpents, just from Cape Cod, to be disposed of, will be sent to any part of the city free of expense!!!!

Enquire of A. W. V. & Co., Jackson Ferry, East River.

Ward's Island, Aug. 27, 1836. a 27.

CLEOPATRA.

JUST returned from the South—Mr. Le Bert has the honor to inform the patrons of the Fine Arts, that the celebrated Statue of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, has arrived in this city, and is now exhibited at 175 Broadway.

Hours of exhibition from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.

This splendid piece of sculpture is an original modern production of unsurpassed merit in all its parts. In beauty of proportion, contour, anatomical accuracy, expression, attitude, and high finish, it is a work which stands unrivalled in the wide catalogue of modern productions. s 24.

FINE ARTS.

THE public are respectfully informed that the celebrated picture of *La Belle Nature*, painted by Boudet, of Paris, which has received so much editorial praise in all the principal newspapers of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., and another splendid late production from the same pencil, denominated *Daphne de L'Olympe*, are now exhibited at No. 37 Courtlandt street. o8

DISSOLUTION.

THE firm of SACKETT & BRANCH, Printers, was dissolved on the 1st inst. All persons having demands against the firm will present them to the subscriber,

New York, Oct. 6, 1836. ISRAEL SACKETT.

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The NEW SERIES OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance.	$5 00
For Six Months Subscription, in advance.	2 50
The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—	
For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *in the paper*.	$3 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*.	50
For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *upon the cover*.	$2 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*.	37½

Yearly advertisers upon the cover are only charged $15 per annum for one square, (22 lines) and at that rate; transient advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

EDWIN L. GARVIN,
PRINTER.